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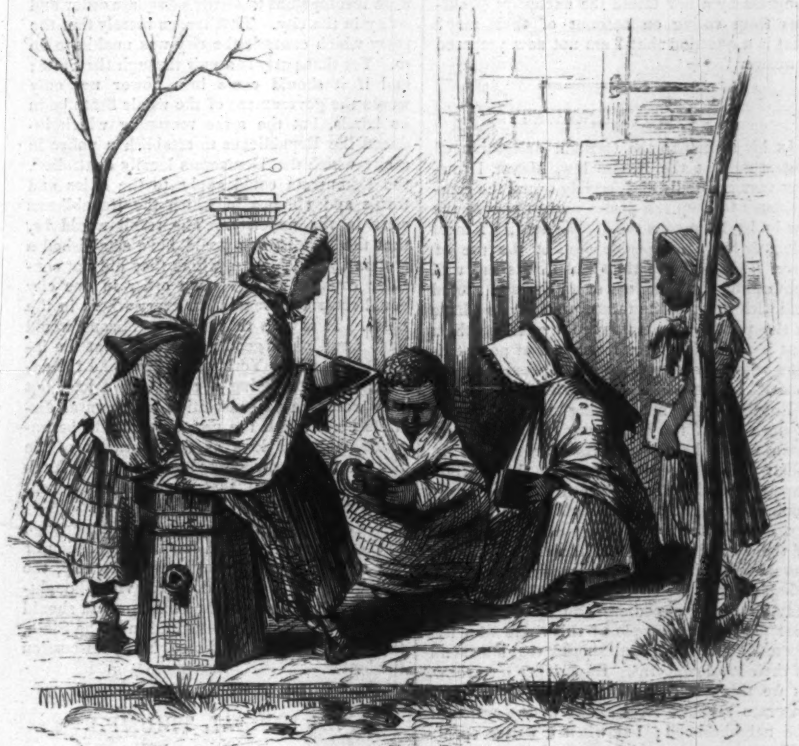
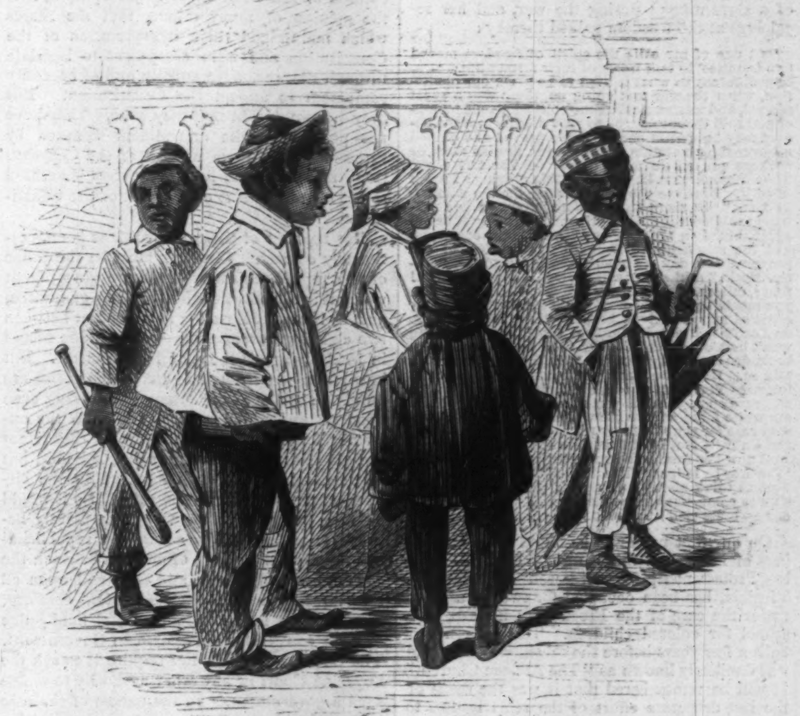


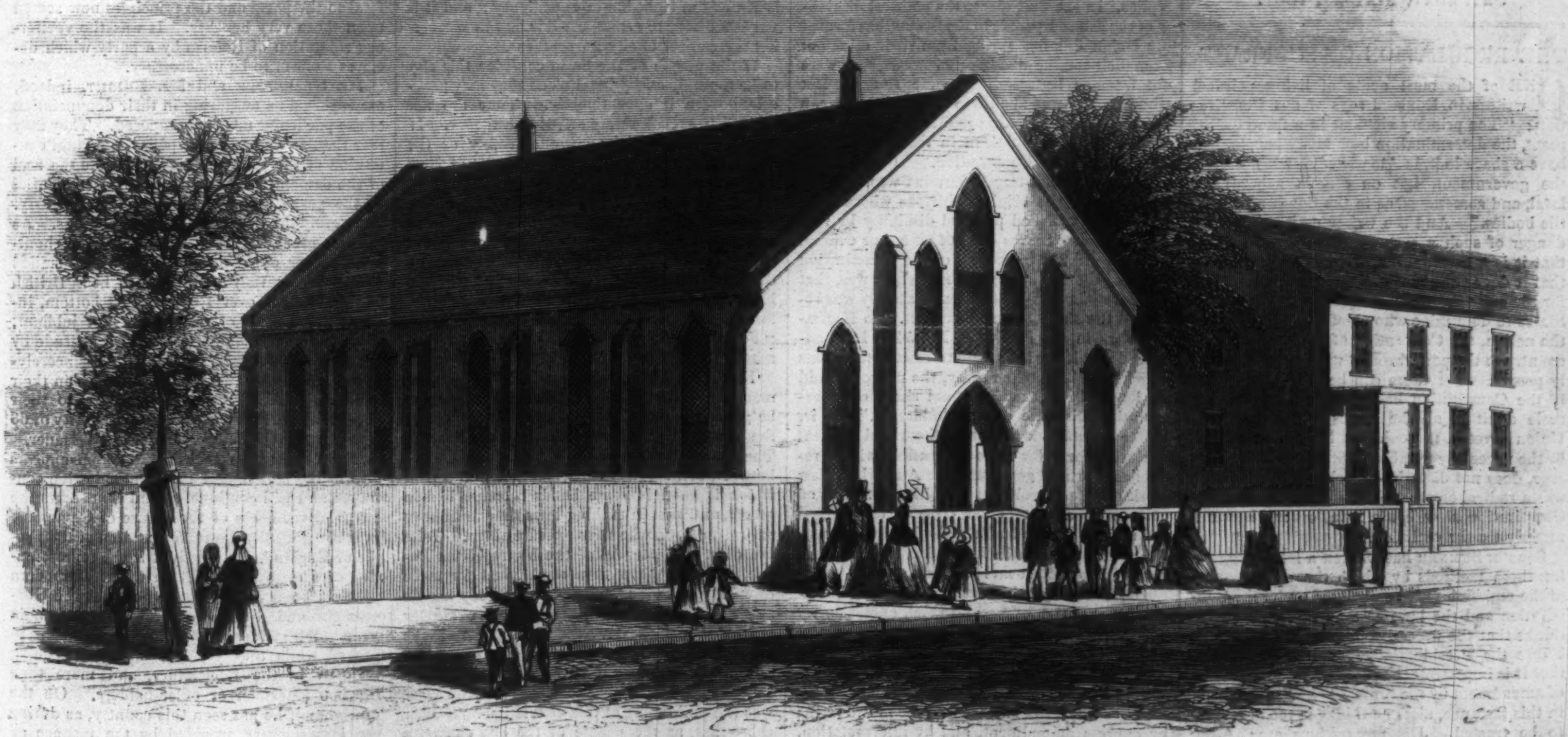
COLORED SCHOLARS LEARNING THEIR LESSONS ON THE STREET.



COLORED SCHOLARS ON THEIR WAY TO SCHOOL.

EDUCATING THE FREEDMEN.

THE army of missionaries and teachers who "followed the flag" into the South, and who have commenced a vigorous crusade against the ignorance which for so many years kept the poorer whites and negroes in slavery, is rapidly advancing upon and driving the enemy. The schools are firmly established and successful, are now seldom interrupted by the rebels, and the scoffing papers have been forced into silence. Many are the interesting facts and incidents which reach us of the progress making in breaking down the barrier of prejudice between the "poor whites" and blacks, which has been the chief obstacle to their education, and which will result in bringing the two classes into better understanding, and into a very general acceptance by both of the means of education offered by the Northern benevolent associations. These teachers are rapidly paving the way for the effective application of the great Peabody Fund, which, it will be remembered, is intended for the benefit of whites and blacks alike. Before the war there was one public school in Chattanooga, then a town of about 1500 souls; but for thirty miles in every direction around it not another school was to be found. The same region had, in 1860, a voting population of 2800 persons, of whom only 300 could read and write. Now there are five schools in Chattanooga for colored persons alone, old and young, and over 300 pupils are in daily attendance. We might enumerate other highly encouraging statements. One of the most interesting facts we have received represents the famous Andersonville prison pen, in Georgia, as a school for children, with a young lady presiding in the place of the monster Wirz! This young lady, Miss Mary S. Battey, formerly of Barrington, Rhode Island, is one of 451 teachers in the



ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—SCHOOL FOR COLORED CHILDREN.

service, at the South, of the American Missionary Association of New York. She accompanies the above interesting statement with the following effective and affecting incident, which we extract from a letter from her which we find in one of the numerous publications of the Association:

> "At the close of the Sabbath-school recitations it is our practice to select and read something from the little papers which we think will benefit them A few weeks since I read from the *Child at Home*, for July, 1866, an article entitled, 'No more Slaves in America,' which closes with Whittier's 'Laus Deo!' As I announced the title every eye was fixed on me with a look of eager interest, and as the reading continued tears began to flow—tears of joy and gladness—and from several directions we heard, 'Thank God! Thank God!'
>
> "As I concluded the poem, poor, old, sick 'Uncle Charley' slid from his seat to his knees, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes, looking toward heaven, cried, 'Oh! glory, glory to God for what he has done for us wretched people! Praise to God!' And so our school closed.
>
> "Thinking that the tribute to the spirit of the poem might do good to the heart of the author, I wrote at once the simple story to John G. Whittier, and after a few days received an autograph letter from him, thanking me for the facts, and saying, 'Uncle Charley's prayer is worth more to me than the praise of all the oppressors of his race,' and inclosing a sum of money for Uncle Charley, 'if he needs it.'"

Another teacher, writing from Raleigh, North Carolina, gives the following as the experience of a slave-woman during the war, and her rejoicings at the freedom gained thereby:

> "At one of my calls the spirit of freedom moved two 'aunties' to talk freely of their former life. 'Oh, how different to what it used to be! On our plantation, when the war was going on, there was a great revival, and mistress called the colored people together and told them to pray—to pray mighty that the enemy may be driven back. So we prayed and prayed all over the plantation. But 'peared like de more de darkeys prayed de more nearer de Yankees come. Then the missus said, "Stop all this praying; I won't have it. I believe they are praying for the enemies to come." So there was no more praying where mistress could hear it for long time. By-and-by it began again, but then the Yankees were at the very doors, and the rebels hadn't time to pay 'tention to our prayers. One day my mistress came out to me, "Maria, Maria," said she, "what *does* you pray for?" "I prays, missus, that de Lord's will may be done." "But you mustn't pray that way. You must pray that our enemies may be driven back." "But, missus, if it's de Lord's will dat de Yankees come, all our praying won't halt 'em; and if it is de Lord's will to drive 'em back, den they will go back." "Oh, Maria, you mustn't talk so. Don't you know you could be shot for talking so? You don't s'pose, Maria, that any white folks will care enough about you to make you free? They are white folks, and we are white folks, and what will they care for you? They want to send you to Havany and Cuby." But I didn't believe any such foolishness. And now I'se free,' said Aunt Ellen, straightening up; 'I'se free! It 'pears like it couldn't be. When we used to think about it it 'peared like de Judgment—sure to come, but a powerful step off. But now it has come—bress God! bress God!'"

On our first page will be found three engravings of interest in this connection. "St. Philip's Protestant Episcopal Church" at Richmond, Virginia, has been occupied for two years past, under the care of the Freedmen's Bureau, as a school for colored children. This church was built a few years before the rebellion began, and was familiarly known as "The African Church." It will be remembered that it was the scene of the last desperate effort of the rebel leaders to "fire the Southern heart." After the failure of the Stephens and Hunter peace-mission, in February, 1865, a grand mass meeting of Richmond rebels was held at St. Philip's Church, at which Jeff Davis, Hunter, and other fire-eaters spoke; and it was on this occasion that Davis first announced his intention of arming the negroes. They have since been armed, but in a very different manner from that proposed by him. The sketches of the negro children on their way to school and studying in the street were drawn by our artist from life, and represent scenes of daily occurrence in all parts of the South.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 25, 1867.

THE REGULATION OF SUFFRAGE.

One of the most acute of living political writers in England says of our Constitution: "The primary element in a free government, the determination how many people shall have a share in it, in America depends not upon the government, but on certain subordinate local, and sometimes, as in the South now, hostile bodies." And the writer easily shows the danger of such a system. There is no doubt that it is a cardinal defect in the Constitution that it does not exactly define the qualification for the suffrage, and in leaving it to the various States to determine who should be the voters in the nation, the Convention of 1789 exposed the country to the peril through which it has recently passed. Yet there can be little doubt that if the Constitution had made every innocent male adult in all the States of the proposed Union a voter, it would not have been ratified by the necessary number of States. This, however, does not disturb the fact that the omission was a radical error; nor the other fact, that the Constitution may contain in other clauses a remedy for the omission.

Senator Sumner has written a letter suggesting three methods by which the consequences of the omission may be obviated under the Constitution and the laws as they now exist. He thinks that the necessity of equalizing suffrage before the Presidential election is so pressing that it is impossible to wait for the usual method of amendment by the State Legislatures, which, in this instance, also, he thinks is too uncertain to be trusted. His propositions are: *First*, That Congress is bound to secure to every State a republican form of government, and the war has settled that political disability by reason of color is unrepublican. *Second*, The Amendment abolishing slavery gives Congress power to enforce emancipation by proper legislation. It has, consequently, passed the Civil Rights Bill for the whole country, and it can equally pass a Political Rights Bill. *Third*, The amendment proposed by the Reconstruction Committee and adopted by three-fourths of the loyal States defines citizenship and forbids any State to abridge the privileges of citizens.

The second of these propositions seems to us untenable. The Amendment abolishes chattel slavery, and authorizes Congress to enforce emancipation with proper legislation. But it can not be fairly asserted, in the ordinary meaning of words, except by a rule of interpretation which is wholly inadmissible, that equality of suffrage in the State of New York is necessary to maintain emancipation in Florida.

The third proposition is equally untenable. The Amendment was indeed adopted by three-fourths of the loyal States; and that should, of course, under the circumstances, be sufficient. But Congress has not made it so. It is the opinion of Mr. Sumner, it is our opinion, it is the opinion of many others, that the States which maintained their interpretation of the Constitution and were competent to legislate through the war, were equally and of necessity competent to amend the Constitution. But they did not decide that they were. They have not proclaimed the amendment adopted by three-fourths of them as part of the Constitution; and until that is done nobody is entitled to act upon it as if it *were* a part of the Constitution.

But the first of these propositions is unquestionably correct. Congress must be the judge of the republicanism of the State government which it is Constitutionally bound to guarantee, just as it must determine in a conflict between two claiming governments—as in Rhode Island in 1842—which is the lawful government. But how and when it shall exercise this power are purely questions of expediency. Insisting even upon an undoubted authority is often the extremest folly. Burke never denied that Great Britain had the right to tax the Colonies, but he declared that it was wrong, under the circumstances, to exercise the right. So it would be very inexpedient for Congress, merely because it has the right, to assert that republicanism required the voting of all girls between the ages of ten and fifteen, and then call upon all the States to make their Constitutions conform. Yet Congress is the undoubted and final judge of what constitutes a Republican Government. The Constitution does not require it to ask the Supreme Court or any other authority to define such a government. In the nature of the case it must decide for itself, and from its decision there is no appeal except to the people at the polls. Therefore Congress must decide to exercise the power discreetly, or the party which controls it will be thrust from power.

It will be said that the framers of the Constitution, by leaving the suffrage to be settled by various States in which the electoral qualification differed, and in many of which slavery existed, conceded that slavery and political exclusion by reason of color were compatible with a Republican Government; and it will be urged that as the intention of the makers must construe the instrument, we can not fairly say that authority to guarantee a republican form of government empowers us to call the disability of color unrepublican. To this there are two replies. In the first place, the political disability of the colored people in the States that formed the Union did not spring from their color but from their condition. In other words, they were not freemen because they were slaves. But when slavery was abolished in any State, it can not be fairly shown that political exclusion for color only was republican in the sense of the framers of the Constitution. Indeed, Mr. Sumner says that South Carolina was the only State among the original thirteen whose Constitution established political disability by reason of color. Slaves did not vote, but colored freemen did. The fathers of the Constitution followed the English precedent, which was, that whenever the disqualification of slavery was removed the slave became a subject. So Hamilton says in the *Federalist*, No. 54, "It is admitted that if the laws were to restore the rights which have been taken away, the negroes could no longer be refused an equal share of representation with the other inhabitants." It is, therefore, not true that the fathers held political exclusion for color to be compatible with a republican form of government. And when New York imposed a political disability by reason of color upon a part of her citizens, the United States in Congress had a right, however impolitic and impracticable it may have been to exercise it, to protest and interfere.

But even were this not so—if it were indisputable that the fathers did think exclusion for color republican—it is both unwise and perilous, upon proper occasion, not to use every opportunity afforded by a written Constitution to adapt it to the changing fundamental opinion of the country. This is to be done in two ways: by express amendment, and by interpretation. If fairly, and without wresting plain words from their meaning, authority can be found in the Constitution even for objects not specifically contemplated by the framers, but which, in the course of time, and by radical changes of opinion, have become of the most obvious necessity for the attainment of those objects, Congress, the immediate representative of the people, may justly exercise it. It was this which justified many of the measures of Congress and the Government during the war. It was upon what is called "strict construction" that the rebellion relied for success, and it was in the school of strict construction that treason was nurtured. The fundamental law must be as flexible as possible to the conviction of the nation. When it is written like ours, and when the method of amendment is so cumbrous as in ours, the most liberal and elastic interpretation is essential to the national welfare.

It is in this spirit that Senator Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, said in a late speech: "The States may regulate suffrage; but can the States destroy the elective franchise so far as a million of native-born citizens are concerned on account of their ancestry? And if they can not, can Congress by a law forbid the exclusion of citizens from voting on account of their race? That is a question that I am not now prepared to answer."

CITY GOVERNMENT.

In his speech to the German delegation of protest against the Excise law, Mayor Hoffman very pointedly and forcibly urged the complainants to keep the peace, and to oppose the law by lawful means only. He said, "I most solemnly warn all people against the use of force. My views of riots and rioters are well known, and to the extent of my power I should deal with them in the future precisely as I have in the past." He continued by telling them that if they tried force thousands of good citizens who now supported them would oppose them. It was well and timely said.

But the Mayor, in beginning his speech, spoke of the right of the city to regulate its own affairs, which had been taken away from it. What "right" does he mean? What right have the inhabitants of the city of New York to manage any part of their local affairs which is not derived from the people of the State and of the United States? If the office of Mayor should be abolished by the Legislature, are the inhabitants of the city deprived of a right? It may be highly expedient and convenient that that part of the people of this State who live upon Manhattan Island should regulate some of their local concerns. Experience may show, as we think it generally has shown, that it is wiser to regulate local affairs by the action of the neighborhood; but when a writer speaks of local government as a principle, as we did last week, he means merely a rule derived from experience and not founded in right. For there may be very conspicuous exceptions to a rule founded upon such experience; and in no proper sense can that part of the population plead that they have a right to regulate those concerns to the injury of the whole population of the State. The local authority, which the inhabitants of the city as a corporate body now have or ever have had, is a grant from the whole people. Those inhabitants have legal rights under the grant, but they have no right *to* the grant. The charter of a city is merely the form in which the State prescribes that that part of the whole shall, in specified cases, be governed. The whole question of Commissions, therefore, is not one of right but of expediency; and it is very necessary to remember this fact in discussing the subject of city government.

If the people of the State consider this city to be a purely exceptional place they may properly govern it exceptionally. They are not obliged to sacrifice themselves to a theory. If they believe that the personal safety or the health or the property of the citizens of New York living in the city can be better secured by agencies appointed directly by the Legislature or by the Governor than by the Mayor or Common Council, they ought so to appoint them—taking the risk, of course. If some of the inhabitants of the city should ask why the Mayor is not permitted to appoint the police, for instance, let the people of the State reply, "For the same reason that you are not permitted to elect them."

Naturally, in devising methods of government for the State of New York, its people will be guided by the wisdom of experience, and by the circumstances in which they are placed. They must often, as in all human affairs, choose between evils. They can not forget that a plan which is good in some hands becomes bad in others, and that in making laws they must have regard to those who may execute them. Take the case, for instance, of the Metropolitan Police. It has been now established for more than ten years. It succeeded the body known as Fernando Wood's police, whose character is described by its name. It arose from the conviction that the good order of the city required a fundamental change in that department of the municipal government. Now what was the philosophy of this conviction? Simply this—that, as the people of the city elected a Mayor, and he appointed the police, and the police were untrusty men, the people of the city were not competent to preserve the peace and security of the State upon Manhattan Island so fully as the State wished. Therefore the whole people of the State took the matter in hand, and authorized the Governor whom they elected to name Commissioners who should appoint the police. And so excellent is that police that not only did it preserve the city from ravage in the midst of the war, but it has served as a model to other cities in the Union. No body of men in the country has a more honorable record than the Metropolitan Police of New York.

It would seem, then, that the Police Commission was of the highest expediency. But let us look again. We say that the whole people of the State appointed the Commission, for it was the act of the Legislature. That is indeed the theory, but the truth is that it was the act of the Republican party. It was resisted, and is still opposed, by the Democratic party. That party controls by a vast majority the city of New York. Now the philosophy of the appointment was, that the people of the city were incompetent to secure adequate order and safety in the city. That means merely that the party which controls the city was unable to do so. Yet that party is a unit through the State; and if it should come into power not only would the government of the whole State be in its hands, but the same reasoning which induced the Republicans to establish a police in a city which the Democrats locally controlled, the Democrats could apply to the cities and towns and villages in which the Republicans were in the majority. The result would be, that the Republicans would have established a system by which those whom they did not consider capable of regulating order in one city could control its regulation every where in the State. It is true that the Republicans would have furnished a good police, and that the inhabitants of New York would have had the education of comparing a good with a bad, but that would be no consolation to the rural districts upon which the new order would be imposed, while so long as the character of the European emigrants who pour into New York remains unchanged, that city could not benefit by its education.

We cite one illustration only; but it is enough to show that while there can be no question of the authority of the State over the city, the method of its exercise demands very thoughtful consideration. And as that method should be determined in the Constitution of the State, the more ample and thorough the discussion the better.

AN UNREAL TRIUMPH.

The British Tories are triumphant. They have settled the peace of Europe for the present, and they have defeated the Liberals by increasing majorities. These would be very important successes if they indicated the spread of Tory principles. But the Congress would have been suggested by a clever ministry of any party, while the majority in Parliament is merely upon a detail of the measure which the Liberal strength has forced upon the Tories. The latter are fighting under false colors. They are succeeding by undertaking a work which is repugnant to them, and at which they sneered twelve months ago. The "loud and protracted cheering from the ministerial benches" that greeted Disraeli's majority of 66 was terribly illogical. It was applause of a policy which is fatal to the party and the principles now seated upon those very benches. It was the vociferous salutation of Reform by a party which declares Reform to be unnecessary.

Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, indeed, are reported as unsparing in their denunciation of the particular measure proposed. They may fear that, as a question of policy, a certain concession of the principle may moderate the zeal of the demand for what they consider essential to the peace and prosperity of their country. But surely the defeat had its consolations. As the two great Liberal leaders heard the shouting of their opponents they must have smiled to think that they had lived to hear British Tories jubilant over Reform. At bottom, indeed, the Tories, of course, are not jubilant. They have been forced into a false attitude by the tactics of a temporary and not-sincerely-trusted leader. The Roman emperors in their triumphs chained captive monarchs to their chariot-wheels. So in this Tory majority of 66 Gladstone really leads Disraeli a prisoner.

The unreality of the Tory triumph appears also in the fact that the Reform agitation continues and will continue. And this shows the essential weakness of the House of Commons. It is theoretically the representation of the people of England. Actually it is the representation of a class only. The student of modern political history does not forget that the Government and dynasty of Louis Philippe in France fell suddenly into total ruin and disappeared while they yet had an overwhelming majority in the Legislature, and more than 800,000 placemen or office-holders. On the other hand, he has seen this country, as during the last summer, troubled by the menace of civil commotion, perfectly pacified the moment it saw a majority in Congress. The reason is that in this country Congress *does* represent the people. A large majority indicates both the conviction and the power of the nation. But it did not in France, and it does not in England. Macaulay saw this plainly, and he suspected the peril, and therefore he said, with excellent insight, that the next great struggle in England would be between the Parliament and the people.

Mr. Robert Lowe and the clever British Conservatives perpetually demand to be shown the specific advantage which would be gained by an increase of the number of voters. What abuse can you name which would be corrected by it? they ask: what difficulty is there for which this reform is the evident remedy? The reply to these very practical gentlemen is wholly practical. In a country like England if twelve hundred thousand people have the exclusive management of the government, and five millions who have no share think that it would be better if they had a share, it *is* better. The plain fact is, that they will take it if you do not give it. There is no need of arguing delicate distinctions of moral right, of the theoretical origin of government, or of greater or less probability. The moment a statesman perceives that it is the settled wish of the popular heart the question becomes in his mind merely one of method. If, therefore, instead of sixty-six majority for a limited reform there had been six hundred majority for no reform whatever, the situation would not be in the least changed. The demand would only become more imperative; and a wise minister would advise the voters to heed the people rather than the Parliament.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

When Jefferson Davis was caught running away in his wife's petticoats, if he had been summarily tried, convicted, and executed as a rebel in arms against the Government, the public opinion of the country and of mankind would probably have justified the act. We are glad that such was not his fate, although it very soon became clear that nothing remained but to allow him to go at large untouched.

That result is now reached. After the most undignified delay upon the part of the Government he has been surrendered to the civil authorities, and by them arrested for high treason and bailed in the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, precisely the amount of the reward offered by the President for his capture as an accessory in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. Maintaining a consistency of folly the Government not only has not formally withdrawn the charge of assassination, but after two years of preparation announces that it is not ready to proceed to the trial for treason; and the prisoner is released with the most perfect understanding upon all sides that he is not to be tried at all. When the Government saw that it could not sustain the charge of complicity in the assassination, and had decided that Davis could not wisely be tried for treason, it should have released him upon his parole as it had released Alexander Stephens.

Before these lines are read Jefferson Davis will probably have arrived in New York, and the same feeling which lifted the hats of many in the crowd at Richmond will offer him respectful homage here. But while we rejoice in the strength and nobility of a popular government which can properly do an act so unprecedented as the virtually unconditional release of such an offender, let no American citizen forget for a moment, or fail to teach his children, how wicked the crime was, and how enormous the moral guilt of the criminal. It was a crime measured by which the offenses for which every day men are sent to prison and hung are trivial and unimportant; a causeless and cruel crime, for which hundreds of thousands of hearths are desolate and countless hearts are broken.

Jefferson Davis and his associates, to gratify a fierce political ambition, sought to destroy a mild government which they had always controlled, not because it threatened their liberty or property, but because they feared it might prevent their destroying the liberty and stealing the property of other men. They attempted this work by fire and sword and untold and unimaginable tortures. For four years they waged bloody war against a government which they did not allege had ever injured or was then trying to injure them. The flower of brave and noble youth was cut down. Like Rachel the land mourned her darlings because they were not, because they lay dead upon the field or starving and mad in the pens of Andersonville and Salisbury.

For these crimes—which in their nature and by the means necessary to subdue them transcend the forms of human law—for these crimes, committed not in the hope that justice might be done, but with the purpose of perpetuating the most revolting injustice forever, God himself will be the Judge. And so long as Americans love liberty, and respect law, and honor manhood—so long as truth and justice are sweeter to them than cruelty and wrong, their good sense will pierce the sophisms of Davis and his associates to their foul and ghastly purpose, which was not only the overthrow of the Government but the degradation of human nature, and to accomplish which they slew our dearest and our best.

MINES AND MINING SHARES.

Although the employment of the precious metals in the useful arts and as standards of value dates back almost to the earliest history of man, yet until within a recent period the known deposits have been comparatively few and the production limited. It is true that modern research has discovered evidences of most extensive mining operations once carried on in Peru and Mexico, and in the Superior copper regions by a race of men who are now extinct. Quite possibly those mines engaged the attention and exclusive labor of densely populated districts; but so far as positive knowledge goes, it was not until the discovery of the California gold fields that whole communities and mankind in general became infected with the mining fever. The year 1846 was the beginning of the mining epoch—in truth, of another "golden era."

Since then the discovery of mineral wealth has been constant, universal, and utterly beyond all precedent. It has been astounding. Hardly a year has passed that has not realized some golden dream. It would seem as though the earth had suddenly poured out all her hidden treasures into the lap of man at once. From the northern limits of North America to its southern confines mineral deposits of the richest character have been revealed—of gold, silver, copper, iron, antimony, lead, and coal. These beds and veins are traced through all the British provinces and possessions; they are found in the distant Territories of Colorado, Idaho, Oregon, New Mexico, Montana, and Arizona; in British Columbia, and in many of the Mexican States. In Australia there are inexhaustible mines of gold; they exist in New Zealand, South America, and even in the islands of the great oceans. What vast sums are annually being added to the world's wealth from these many tributaries! More than one hundred millions are yearly poured into the coffers of the United States from its own resources alone, constituting an everlasting guaranty against repudiation and breach of plighted faith. In like manner, and with constantly increasing richness, the gold fields of Canada and Nova Scotia are contributing their share to the world's wealth. Evenly and impartially has Fortune allotted these mineral deposits all over the globe. Ophir is no longer the favored region to freight the treasure-ships of far-off peoples. Gold is laid down at every man's door—on the Equator and at the Antipodes.

In America the stimulus of a redundant currency and the uncertainties of the earlier years of the war, which drove men to seek unwonted investments for their money, gave to mining operations an impetus before unheard of. The discovery of such vast mineral deposits at the time seemed most opportune. For a while every one seemed wild with the prevailing mania. Rural districts were drained of their populations, which abandoned their farms to seek for gold. Capital poured into the great commercial centres without stint; innumerable stock companies were formed; the Mining Boards could not do all the business brought before them; speculators multiplied like locusts; all kinds of mining shares were at par or far above par. Thousands of those credulous persons who are wont to think all gold that glitters were found to embark in every venture. Few paused to inquire into the real value of the innumerable inducements held forth to tempt investment. None doubted.

The harvest was long, and most abundant to those who reaped where they had not sown; but the unfortunate dupes finally began to discover that the larger portion of these dazzling lures were the fungous growths of scheming speculation—that some mines were purely fictitious; that others, represented as being worked with large prospective profits, had barely received a superficial examination by some professional geologist; and that most were likely to sink the capital subscribed deeper than they sunk their shafts. Then suddenly there was a rush to get out; but it was too late—the trap was sprung! The whole glittering fabric came down with a squelch, amidst dust and rubbish. Victims were counted by hundreds. That was the end of the speculative fever at the Mining Board. Scores of mining shares that had been favorites unaccountably disappeared from the call lists; and the tendency of all the rest has since been downward. The best stocks now seldom appear in the market at all. Every day the moderator of the Mining Board calls off a score or so of indifferent or worthless samples by way of form, and thumps with his mallet to give emphasis to spiritless bids; but the whole aspect of the Board is funereal. Once, a few weeks ago, the market was galvanized into a show of activity by parties who attempted to bolster up Corydon and Gregory; but the sequel has since been seen, and, despite their efforts, few persons have any greater faith in mining shares to-day than they had six months or two years ago. The quotations may now be said to be merely nominal. That man would be a curiosity indeed who could be found willing to go into any new mining enterprise whatever. The speculators overdid the business, and thereby killed their profitable goose.

Nevertheless the field for legitimate enterprise is abundantly large. The harvest of precious metals that is even now gathered every year is marvelously rich. A few years more will develop facts and resources still more startling; for as yet the history of mining in America has but just begun.

MAJOR-GENERAL SICKLES AND THE FLAG.

The action of General Sickles in ordering the National flag to be carried and respected by the Firemen's procession in Charleston has been severely criticised by the Copperheads as the "iron heel," and by some Union papers as an unnecessary and therefore impolitic stretch of authority. Now it is precisely such details of conduct which can not be judged at a distance. The wisdom or impolicy of such an order depends entirely upon the information of the commander upon the spot. Of course it seemed at first sight harsh that the General should have ordered the flag to be borne in a procession which, as it was reported, never carried any flag. It appeared to be as arbitrary as an order to any private person or corporation to display the flag upon his dwelling-house or office. But if the General had issued such an order as that, have we not had experience enough to know that probably it would not have been without reason?

So it proves in the present case. It appears that at the Firemen's parade of last year the American flag was not seen; the General expressed his regrets, and the omission was reported to him by the authorities and citizens as an inadvertence. When the column was assembling upon this occasion, instead of appearing without flags or emblems, which was stated to be the rule, the companies carried various emblems, but the American flag was omitted. The Stonewall Fire Engine Company appeared in the rebel gray uniform, and with a full-sized portrait of Stonewall Jackson suspended over their engine. It was plain that the parade was to be a covert ovation in memory of the rebellion, and the Major-General of the United States commanding the district therefore said to the proper authorities: "I shall not forbid the honor you wish to show in this way to a man whom you respect, but it certainly shall not be done at the expense of the honor of the United States; you will also carry and respect the National flag."

Such an act of firmness shows to the mourners of the "lost cause" that the United States are in earnest. When a State is under military rule it is so because the State is in a condition in which words and forms are deeds. The commanding General, who understands exactly what public demonstrations mean, is the best judge what shall be allowed to be said and done.

LIGHT WANTED.

We lately called attention to a most extraordinary law which was passed by the late Legislature and approved by the Governor, conferring unlimited and virtually irresponsible powers upon either one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of this district who should be selected by the Governor. The time within which the designation of the Justice was to be made has expired, and it is announced that the Governor will make no appointment. Why not? If there were reason for the law there is reason for executing it. The action of the Governor makes it a dead letter. Why then was the law passed? Was the power intended for a particular Judge? If so, who is he, and why was it intended for him? What was the influence and who were the persons that procured the passage of this bill? There is some mystery, and about such a law conferring such vast powers and involving the charge of so many millions of dollars every thing should be perfectly intelligible. Who were known to be at Albany urging the passage of this bill? and is it known whether, if any persons were urging it, they also recommended any one of the Justices for appointment?

THE EIGHT-HOUR LAW.

There is now an eight-hour law in the State of New York as well as in Illinois, and in both cases it can only be regarded as a bid for the favor of the ignorant. It is one of the propositions which, like a resolution of sympathy with "oppressed nationalities," it is considered a party necessity for every body of all parties to support. But what is this law? Governor English, of Connecticut, highly commends the eight-hour system in his Message. His commendation is ludicrously unmeaning. He says, in substance, that when the employer and the workman agree that eight hours shall be a working-day, he shall be perfectly satisfied. His Excellency is very careful not to say that he thinks the workman ought to ask or the employer to give nine hours' wages for eight hours' work. But if the cloth merchant and the customer can agree that two feet shall make a yard, Governor English will interpose no objection.

The Illinois bill declares that in all mechanical trades and branches of day-labor, except farm employments, eight hours shall be a legal day's work when there is no contract to the contrary. But the act is not to affect labor by the year, month, or week; nor shall any body be prevented from working as much as he chooses; and if any body shall interfere in any way whatever with another's working he shall be held guilty of a misdemeanor. What was the immediate result of such a law? Merely that large employers proposed to hire by the hour. No law of a Legislature can outwit the law of nature and of society. Suppose the Illinois or the New York Legislature should pass a bill making two hours a legal day's labor, and requiring every employer to continue to pay for two hours' work the same price that he is now paying for ten, what would be the result? The result would be no employment, for no employer could afford to buy labor at that price. Now a workman has labor to sell. His commodity must obey the law of trade like all other commodities. If there is no demand he can not sell. If, therefore, the law destroys the demand for labor, the law destroys the laborer.

Why not pass a law equalizing wealth? Because it would annihilate wealth. It would make every man work just enough to supply his own necessities, and the world would relapse into barbarism. But there would be no shorter cut for any body to an easier livelihood.

These are simple truths which Governor English and the legislative orators forget to mention, but which nobody should forget to ponder.

MARSHALL'S LINCOLN.

Mr. W. E. Marshall's portrait of Abraham Lincoln is a wonderful reproduction of that profoundly sad, quaint, powerful, rugged, and tender face, which is so familiar and so precious to the American people. The artist has not been afraid of its homeliness; and in the noble head he has drawn, bent as if with the heavy weight of care—in the deep, weary eyes, full of truth and sweetness—in the firmness of the jaw, which knows not how to yield, it is easy to see that unquailing faith and unconquerable will which made Lincoln the characteristic representative of this country at its most critical hour. It is a wholly American, wholly Western face; typical of the spirit which prevailed in the struggle and which will mould the future. Mr. Marshall, the painter and engraver of this picture, is still a young man, born in New York. He lived a few years in Chicago, and after engraving watch-cases and bank-notes, made himself first generally known by his engraving in line of Elliott's portrait of Cooper. This was followed by that of Stuart's Washington, of which the Lincoln is the worthy companion. The diligence and devotion and infinite patience which are essential to every great engraving are well rewarded in this case, not only by a wide recognition of its excellence, but by a feeling of gratitude for a kind of national service.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

The South Carolina Republican State Convention met at Charleston on May 7. Only one white man was present.

The Republican party appears to be more successful in disseminating its doctrines in North Carolina than in any other of the ten unreconstructed States. Union Republican meetings are being held throughout that State by the freedmen, at which resolutions indorsing the party are generally passed. One of these meetings, in Pasquetank County, resolved to accept the platform of the Republican party of North Carolina, adopted at Raleigh on the 27th of April. In Pearson County over one thousand colored persons recently assembled and indorsed the Republican party. The colored men of Gates County assembled in mass meeting adopted resolutions to "co-operate with the Union Leagues of the loyal States in completing the great moral and political reforms which the suppression of the rebellion has rendered necessary and practicable."

Governor Orr, of South Carolina, interests himself in the emigration of New Hampshire people to his dominions.

The Georgia injunction case was finally dismissed by the Supreme Court, on May 13, on the ground of want of jurisdiction.

NEWS ITEMS.

Joseph A. Wright, United States Minister to the Court of Prussia, died in Berlin on May 11.

The Commissioners of Charities and Correction report that there are in New York 30,000 children under twelve and over five years of age, whose guardianship is such that they are utterly deprived of the advantages of Common School education.

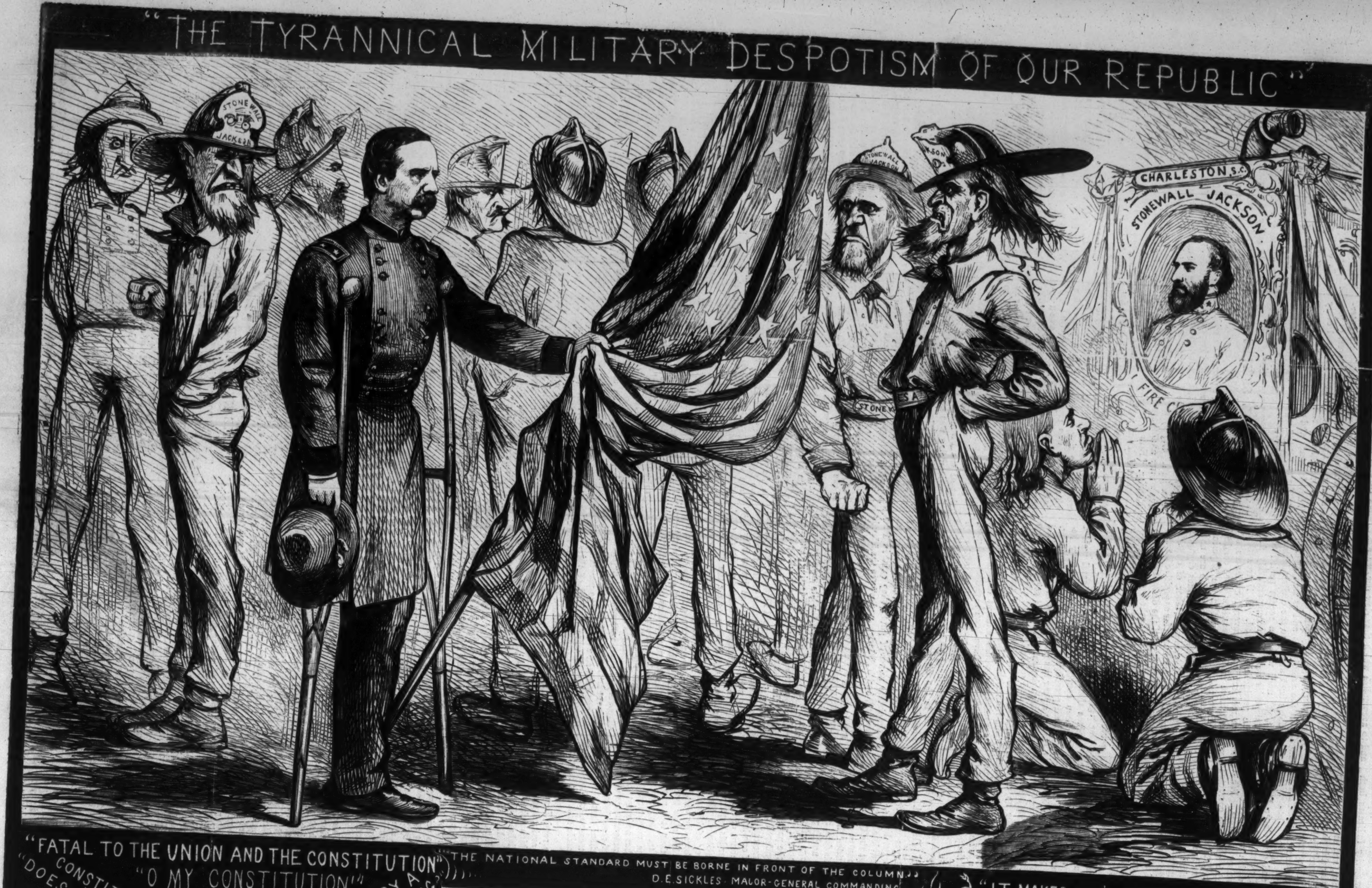
The friends of William Lloyd Garrison have presented him with $50,000 as a tribute to his life-long labors in the anti-slavery cause.

FOREIGN NEWS.

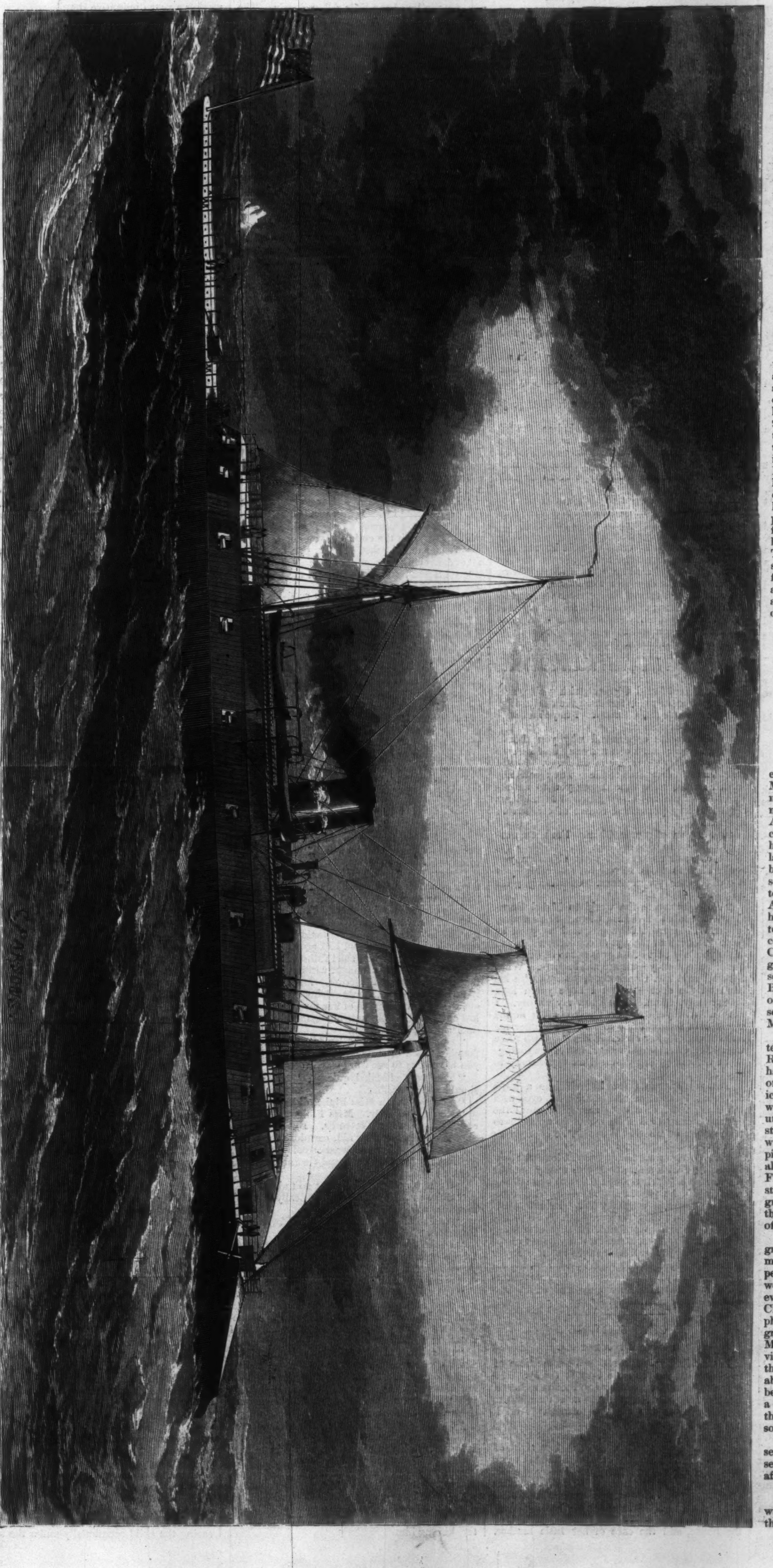
The Peace Congress convened to settle the Luxemburg question met in London on May 7, and concluded its labors on May 9. By the terms of the treaty agreed upon and duly ratified the leading Powers guarantee the neutrality of Luxemburg; Prussia agrees to evacuate the province in one month; the great fortress is to be razed to the ground, and the province is to continue subject to the king of Holland.

A division of the House of Commons on an amendment to the Derby Reform bill occurred on May 10. The amendment was a slight concession to the Liberal party, and had the anticipated effect of dividing the Liberal members, so that the vote was in favor of the Ministry by sixty-six majority. John Bright and Gladstone denounced the measures of the bill as most unjust and offensive.

Earl Derby declared in the House of Lords, on May 11, that the real history of the late Irish rebellion would not be made public, because foreign governments would be implicated thereby.


"THE TYRANNICAL MILITARY DESPOTISM OF OUR REPUBLIC"
STONEWALL JACKSON
STONEWALL JACKSON
STONEWALL
S.A.
CHARLESTON, S.C.
STONEWALL JACKSON
FIRE C
"FATAL TO THE UNION AND THE CONSTITUTION"
"O MY CONSTITUTION!"
"DOES THE CONSTITUTION SAY THAT WE MUST CARRY A UNION FLAG?"
"THE NATIONAL STANDARD MUST BE BORNE IN FRONT OF THE COLUMN."
D. E. SICKLES. MAJOR-GENERAL COMMANDING.
"IT MAKES ONE'S BLOOD BOIL IN EVERY ARTERY."
"WHAT COULD BE MORE DEGRADING THAN TO CARRY THE AMERICAN FLAG?"
Th. Nast.

"CHARLESTON, S. C., *April* 29, 1867.—....By some the order was therefore looked upon as an intrusion unjustifiable, if not tyrannical. These were in favor of an abandonment of the parade. Some of the more violent left the ranks and went home.....No objection, they thought, ought to be made, particularly as the Stonewall Fire Engine Company appeared on the ground in Confederate gray, and with a full-sized portrait of STONEWALL JACKSON **suspended over their engine."**—*Special Correspondent of the New York Herald.*



THE STEAM RAM "DUNDERBERG."—BUILT BY WILLIAM H. WEBB.—[FROM A PICTURE PUBLISHED BY ENDICOTT & CO., NEW YORK.]

THE STEAM RAM "DUNDERBERG."

WE present on this page an engraving of the steam ram *Dunderberg* as she appeared on her late trial trip in New York Bay. It was clearly demonstrated on that occasion that this formidable vessel is the largest, stanchest, and most easily-handled engine of naval warfare which has yet been built in this or any other country. Her motive power is ample, her sea-going qualities admirable, and her speed such that she can be managed with equal facility in an ordinary harbor and upon the broad ocean. The public will therefore regret to know that she has lately passed into the hands of a foreign power. The contract between the Government and Mr. WILLIAM H. WEBB, the builder, called for the furnishing of the vessel at a cost of $1,250,000, whereas the cost of her construction was over $2,000,000. Mr. WEBB was offered by the Russian Government $3,000,000 for the *Dunderberg* as she now stands, and applied to the President and the Secretary of the Navy for permission to sell her. The late trip was ordered by Secretary WELLES to decide whether the ram should be accepted by the Government at the cost price or left on Mr. WEBB's hands. Congress, on March 4, decided to release Mr WEBB from his contract, and it is now understood that the vessel has been sold to the Emperor of the French for $3,000,000.

The following description of the vessel, in connection with our engraving, will give the reader a clear idea of her immense proportions and strength: Extreme length, 387 feet 4 inches; extreme beam, 70 feet 10 inches; depth of main hold, 21 feet 7 inches; height of casemate, 7 feet 9 inches; length of ram, 50 feet; draught of water when ready for sea, 21 feet; tonnage, 5090 tons; weight of iron armor, 1000 tons. This immense frigate displaces 7000 tons of water. Her engines are two in number, each of the following capacity: cylinders (two), each 100 inches; stroke of piston, 45 inches. The diameter of her propeller is 21 feet, and its weight is 34,580 pounds. She has capacity in her coal-bunkers for carrying 1000 tons of coal, and her actual horse-power is 5000—nominally 1500 horse. Taking in this huge naval monster at a glance, she presents to the eye the appearance of a large fortification set afloat upon an enormous vessel; and yet, so symmetrically is she formed, that the angular armor of her casemate presents no indication of ungainliness whatever.

MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

Book I.

CHAPTER VII.

A FAMILY DINNER AT BRAMLEY MANOR.

MRS. CHARLEWOOD was a member of the Reverend Decimus Fluke's congregation. So was Miss Augusta. The latter, indeed, was very much given to professions of piety of a somewhat melancholy and soul-depressing character. Miss Augusta, though a beauty and an heiress, eschewed the worldly amusements which might have appeared most calculated to tempt a young lady of her age and attractions. She went to balls occasionally; but she never waltzed. She sometimes attended the performance of an oratorio; but she seldom went to a secular concert. And as for the play! Miss Augusta would not have entered the doors of a theatre on any pretext or persuasion whatsoever. Stay, I must record one exception to this rule. When the Misses Charlewood once passed a season in London, Augusta, radiant in a rich and elegant toilet, had been seen several times in a box at the Italian Opera. But then, it *was* the Italian Opera. And the *élite* of London society were there to be seen—and to see. And it cost a great deal of money. So Miss Augusta had been to the Italian Opera.

Her sister Penelope, independent in this matter as in most others, declined to attend the Reverend Mr. Fluke's church; but was in the habit of going to a chapel in the neighborhood of Bramley Manor, where very high-church services were performed with much elaboration, and where the sermon never exceeded fifteen minutes in length. The chapel was a bran-new construction, of a very florid style of architecture, with cast-iron crosses stuck on each of its many pinnacles, and bits of colored glass inserted in all the windows. Penelope complained that Mr. Fluke's sermons made her bilious. "Sitting still to be bullied three times every Sunday disagrees with my constitution," said she. "When there's any bullying going, I like to do my share of it," she added, frankly.

However, though the seven Misses Fluke groaned in concert over the Puseyism—in their mouths the word was almost synonymous with perdition—of the eldest Miss Charlewood, they were very willing to go to Bramley Manor whenever they had a chance of doing so. And the Charlewood family were, to use Mr. Fluke's own phrase, "some of the brightest jewels in his congregation." Thus it came to pass that from the Misses Fluke the Charlewoods heard of Mabel's visit to Corda Trescott. Clement had learned the fact from Corda herself, but had said nothing about it, feeling possibly some little pique at Mabel's disregard of his advice, and feeling also, in a half unconscious way, very reluctant to canvas the subject at home. But his sisters were not so reticent.

One evening when the whole family was assembled round the dinner-table, and after the servants had left the room, Augusta opened fire after this fashion:

"What a queer girl Mabel Earnshaw is!"

Her father looked up from his walnuts. He was a very handsome old man; it was from him that Augusta inherited her beauty. He was dressed in a somewhat peculiar fashion, his attire being, in fact, a close imitation of the costume of a well-known nobleman in the neighboring county, to whom he bore a strong resemblance. Mr. Charlewood had occasionally been mistaken for this nobleman by strangers; and had once been addressed by a fellow-traveler in a railway carriage as "my lord"—a circumstance which, strange to say, afforded him very great gratification.

"Queer? Mabel Earnshaw queer?" said he, addressing his daughter Augusta. "Well; hers is a very pleasant kind of queerness, at all events. I thought she was your dearest friend."

"Oh!" exclaimed Walter, a good-looking, light-haired lad, who was giving himself mighty airs of connoisseurship over his port-wine, "don't you know, Sir, that Miss Earnshaw has been thanked and dismissed the service? Jane Fluke is promoted to the post of dearest friend, vice Mabel Earnshaw, superseded."

"I'm sorry, dear Watty," retorted Augusta, with placid sweetness, "that Jane Fluke is not pretty. For I know *you* can't be expected to like her merely because she's good."

Walter laughed, and held his peace.

"Well, but what *is* Mabel's special queerness?" asked Mr. Charlewood.

"Oh, I don't know, papa," replied Augusta; "but she is queer. I think she's—she's strong-minded."

"Gussy," remonstrated Mrs. Charlewood, looking quite shocked, "don't, my dear. You shouldn't say such things of people, my love."

"Never mind, mamma," said Penelope, "thank Heaven, nobody can say of us that *we're* strong-minded. That's a great blessing. But if papa really wants to know what particular oddity Mabel has been guilty of, I think I can tell him what Augusta means. You know the little girl that Jackson managed to drive over on the last day of the festival, papa? We told you all about it. Well, Mabel Earnshaw has taken a craze about the child, and has been to see her."

"Nothing very queer in that, is there?" asked Mr. Charlewood, dipping a walnut into his wine.

"Oh, but the child belongs to such dreadful people," replied Augusta, "and lives in such a low neighborhood. New Bridge Street, papa!"

"Oh!" said Mr. Charlewood, shortly. He had reminiscences of still lower neighborhoods than New Bridge Street, but he kept them to himself.

"The Flukes told us about it, my dear," said Mrs. Charlewood to her husband. "Mabel has joined them in district visiting for a time while Eliza is ill. But Miss Fluke says she fears—she greatly fear—that Mabel 'asn't yet got real conversion. Well, we can't but 'ope and pray for her. Miss Fluke says she's only joined to have an opportunity of visiting this little girl."

"Miss Fluke is the most intolerable fool," said Clement, breaking silence for the first time, and angrily pushing his plate away from him; "and I wonder at Miss Earnshaw having any thing to do with her."

"Dear old Fluke!" cried Walter, with a mischievous glance at his sister Augusta. "I think she's charming. Here's her health, with three times three. By jingo, she's a clipper, is Miss Fluke!"

"Really, Watty," observed Augusta, with dignity, "you take more of that old port than is good for you, my dear boy."

"As to being a fool, Clem," said Penelope, rising to follow Mrs. Charlewood out of the room, and speaking into Clement's ear, as he held the door open for his mother and sisters to pass, "Miss Fluke *is* a fool, of course. But you can't expect her to be as devoted to Mabel Earnshaw's beaux yeux as some people are."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Clement, shutting the door sharply after the ladies, and walking back to his place.

"What was that Penny said?" asked Mr. Charlewood.

"Only nonsense, Sir," rejoined Clement, shortly.

"Penny don't often talk nonsense either," replied his father.

"How modest you are, Clem!" said Walter. "I declare you're positively blushing! 'Pon my soul you are! I couldn't do that to save my life." Walter contemplated his smooth young face in the bowl of a dessert-spoon with much self-satisfaction.

"Where are you off to, Watty?" asked Mr. Charlewood, as his youngest son lounged toward the door.

"I'm going down to Plumtree's, Sir," replied the lad, after an instant's hesitation.

"To Plumtree's? Don't overdo Plumtree's, Watty. I don't like so much billiards. When I was your age I didn't know one end of a cue from the other."

"All right, Sir!"

"No, I don't know that it *is* all right, Sir," returned his father, irritated by Walter's nonchalant tone. "You get through a precious sight of money as it is, young gentleman, without helping it off by billiards. Do you ever consider what an expense you've been to me? And what a still greater expense you will be if I buy you a commission, as you are always plaguing me to do?"

"I suppose you can afford it, Sir," said Walter, sulkily. His manly dignity was giving place to a very naughty-boy air, as he stood with his hand on the fastening of the door, turning it backward and forward with a clicking noise.

"*I* don't suppose so, though. Giving you money is like pouring water into a sieve. I won't have you hanging about Plumtree's. So that's flat."

"It's very hard," muttered Walter, almost whimpering, "to be kept in like a school-boy. They'll think me a blessed muff, when I'd promised particularly to go there to-night to see the match between Lord Higsworth's son and Tiffin of the Carbineers. There's a whole lot of fellows going from the barracks."

"Lord Higsworth's son?" said Mr. Charlewood.

"Yes, young Skidley," said Walter, eagerly pursuing his advantage, as he saw his father's face soften. "And there'll be Captain De Vaux, and Fitzmaurice, and Plowden, and no end of tip-top fellows."

"If you promised, Walter," said Mr. Charlewood, with a moral air, "of course you are bound to go. I didn't know you had given your word. The Honorable Arthur Skidley, you said?"

"Yes, Sir. He and I are as thick as thieves. He's no end of a brick."

"He may be no end of a brick, but he is not even the beginning of a gentleman," said Clement.

Next moment the fragrance of a cigar was blown across the hall, as the boy opened the house door, and set off gayly down the avenue.

"Surprising what high friends Watty makes!" said Mr. Charlewood, when he and his elder son were alone together.

"I don't like Watty's getting into that set, Sir," said Clement. "He is a mere boy, and his head is always turned by his newest acquaintances."

"Men of family, Clem," said his father, moving uneasily in his chair. "Men of family, and—and—fashion."

"There are blackguards to be found in all classes, unfortunately; and, I assure you, that Arthur Skidley is looked upon very coolly by the best men in his own rank."

"I didn't think you had so much class prejudice, Clem."

"I hope I have no class prejudice, father. But I know that Skidley and his associates are no more to be accepted as specimens of English gentlemen than drunken Dicky Dawson the mason is to be taken as a fair type of an English artisan."

Mr. Charlewood emptied his glass in silence, and then rose and walked to the fire, where he stood with his back against the chimney-piece. The autumn evenings were beginning to get chilly, and there was a touch of frost in the air, which made the fire blaze briskly.

"Well, Clem," said he, with a sharp glance that recalled his daughter Penelope's glittering eyes and shrewd expression: "since we seem to be in the lecturing line to-night, let me say that I hope and suppose it *is* all nonsense what Penny said about you and little Earnshaw."

"Oh, you did hear it then, Sir?"

"Why, I heard something. Penny used some French word or other, but I believe I made out the meaning."

"Well, Sir?" said Clement, rising also, and standing opposite to his father on the hearth-rug.

"Well, that's all, Clement. I hope and suppose it *is* all nonsense."

"I don't quite understand why you should hope it, father; but I can truly say that I never thought of Miss Earnshaw in that way. She is almost a child compared to me. The idea is absurd. At the same time, I beg you to understand that I am not binding myself in the least degree to any prescribed course of conduct in the matter."

"Of course, of course, Clem. I'm not meaning to dictate to you, my boy."

"I can not understand what objection you could have to Miss Earnshaw, supposing—but it's altogether preposterous. Chattering girl's folly of my sister's."

"No objection in the world to Mabel Earnshaw—as Mabel Earnshaw, Clem. She's a nice, bright, well-behaved little girl, and as good as gold. But it isn't the sort of connection I dream of for you, my boy. Money is not to be despised, but I waive money—we are not beggars. What I hope," said Mr. Charlewood, pausing with his hand on the door—"what I hope you'll look for is family, Clem. You know my history. I have raised myself a good many degrees in the world, and I should like to set my son after me a few rounds higher on the ladder." With those words Mr. Charlewood walked out of the dining-room without giving Clement an opportunity to reply.

The young man threw himself into a large arm-chair by the fire, and shading his eyes with his hand, fell into a deep meditation until the servant came to ask if he would go up stairs to take coffee, or whether it should be brought to him in the dining-room?

"I'll go up to the ladies," said Clement, rousing himself with a start. "I've nearly sat the fire out here." Then when the man had left the room again he passed his hand over his forehead with a half laugh: "Tut," he muttered, "what a fool I am! It's preposterous, and out of the question. Confound all silly chattering tongues! By Jove, if such a thing *were* to happen they might thank themselves for it. I swear it never entered my head before. But it's altogether absurd. Quite absurd." And Clement walked up stairs, humming an air with somewhat defiant cheerfulness.

CHAPTER VIII.

DOOLEY AT TEA.

MABEL had no opportunity for some time of repeating her visit to little Corda; for Mr. Saxelby fell ill, and was obliged to remain at home. Enforced idleness is irksome to most men, but to Mr. Saxelby it was positive torment. And it was by no means a pleasant time for those on whom the duty of nursing him devolved. Mr. Saxelby could scarcely endure to lose sight of his wife for an instant. If she quitted his room he would ask where she was, and why she did not return, eight or ten times in the course of as many minutes. And he would take neither food nor medicine except from her hands.

On Mabel, therefore, fell the government of the house, and the care of her little brother. This last was no tax on her patience or good-will, for she loved the little fellow dearly. The child was a fair, pretty boy of nearly four years old. Somewhat delicate and frail in body, but with an active intelligence that was ever eager to learn. He looked upon "sister Tibby"—so he called her—as an inexhaustible encyclopedia of information. He was christened Julian, but had translated that appellation in his baby fashion into "Dooley," by which name he was habitually called at home.

Mabel was sitting at tea one evening with the child (having sent up a tray to the sick-room), when some one rang the house-bell, and after a few minutes the door of the sitting-room was gently opened, and a figure stood on the threshold. It was already dusk, though not late, and the fire-light did not suffice to show the visitor's face distinctly.

"Who is it?" asked Mabel. But almost as she spoke she recognized Clement Charlewood, and rose to greet him. "I am having tea," observed Dooley, for the benefit of all whom it might concern, "b'own tea."

"Good-evening, Miss Earnshaw. Our people sent yesterday to ask for Mr. Saxelby; and as I was coming into the neighborhood of Fitzhenry Road, I said I would call myself and inquire." This was true in the letter, but not in the spirit; since it was to no member of his family that Clement had announced his intention of visiting Jessamine Cottage, but only to the servant charged with making the daily inquiries. "I'm going myself, James," he said, briefly. And James, though glad enough to be relieved of his duty, had doubtless canvassed his young master's decision in the servants' hall with judicial impartiality.

"It's very good of you. Papa is better." It was characteristic of Mabel that she invariably called Mr. Saxelby "papa" as soon as he was ill and suffering.

"I," repeated Dooley, with increased emphasis, "are having tea. B'own tea."

"Why, that's famous, Dooley," said Clement, with his hand on the child's flaxen curls.

"What's dat?" asked Dooley, pausing in the act of conveying a spoonful of the pale cinnamon-colored liquid into his mouth, and thereby inundating his pinafore.

"What's famous? Capital, first-rate, very good. You know what that means?"

Dooley nodded. "Tibby's firs' yate," said he, clutching his spoon after the fashion of a dagger, and thoughtfully rubbing his forehead with the bowl of it.

"Don't do that, darling," urged the subject of his panegyric. "I am so much obliged to you for coming, Mr. Charlewood. I believe papa will be quite well in a day or two."

"And Mrs. Saxelby?"

"She is a little worn, but it is nothing. I would send to tell her you are here, but papa can't bear her out of his sight. And I have just sent her a cup of tea into his room."

"B'owner tea dan mine," announced Dooley, in an explanatory manner. "But dis ain't white, is it?"

"No indeed; quite brown."

"Sometimes my tea *is* white," said Dooley, as though impelled by a sense of candor to state the whole case, though it was evidently a sore point with him.

"Pray, Miss Earnshaw," said Clement, "don't think of disturbing your mother. I have not many minutes to stay."

"He can 'top till I go to bed, Tibby, can't he?" said Dooley. Mabel laughed frankly, and took the child on her knee. The maid had come to remove the tea-things, and had brought with her a lamp whose light was shed full on the brother and sister. Clement thought within himself that they made a charming picture. Mabel in a neatly-fitting gray dress, whose subdued tone brought out the girlish freshness of her face, and the yellow curls of the child nestling against his sister's dark shining hair.

"I understand," said Clement, with the least possible touch of stiffness in his manner, "that you have been to see Corda Trescott."

"Yes," replied Mabel, quietly; "I told you I should go, if possible."

"You went with Miss Fluke, did you not?"

"No; not exactly. Miss Fluke and Louisa called for me at Mr. Trescott's. But I could not have gone without their aid, certainly."

"Miss Fook," murmured Dooley, sleepily, jerking his leg backward and forward; "Miss Fook's hugly."

"Hush, Dooley. You must go to bed."

"Oo're pitty," said Dooley, critically. "So's mamma, so's papa."

"And what do you think of little Corda, Miss Earnshaw?"

"I think her the most engaging little creature I have ever seen. So sensitive and gentle, and yet so full of vivacity. I want you very much to do me a favor, Mr. Charlewood."

"If I can," said Clement. He had not quite got over Mabel's cool disregard of his advice. And yet he liked her none the less for it. Somewhat the more, perhaps. But he gave himself no account of his feeling.

"It is this. Little Corda is fond of reading; and I have some children's books that were given to me long ago. I should like so much to lend her some of them. Would you mind—I know you are in the neighborhood sometimes—leaving them with her for me?"

"I will do so with pleasure. But let me, even at the risk of offending you, say once more that I do not think you are acting wisely in mixing yourself up personally with these people."

"Surely Miss Fluke is a tower of strength, Mr. Charlewood?"

"Miss Fook is a towow," observed Dooley, with drooping eyelids.

"Dear child, you *must* go to bed," said his sister, kissing him.

"I may 'top till he goes?" urged Dooley, waving a very diminutive thumb, which was not at all under command, in an endeavor to point at Clement Charlewood.

"Well, one little minute, then. I really can't see, Mr. Charlewood, why you, who seem to have a liking for, and appreciation of, Corda, should be so urgent against my going to see her."

"Miss Earnshaw, if I may venture to say so, I have also a liking for, and appreciation of, *you*."

Mabel looked straight at him with clear eyes in which there was no trace of affectation or embarrassment. "Thank you," she said, smiling very slightly. "Well?"

"Well, believe me, it is not good for you to seek these people. If it were only the little girl, poor baby, I should say no word against it. Even her father, weak and shiftless as I take him to be, might not be utterly objectionable. But there is a brother—"

"Yes, but I have never seen him. Stay! Is he not singularly handsome, with the air of a foreigner? Ah, yes; I met him coming into the house as I left it. I should never be likely to come into contact with him."

"God forbid! I am not speaking at hazard, Miss Earnshaw, when I assure you that that young man is a thoroughly worthless fellow. I might be justified in using a stronger word. Watty, who I am sorry and ashamed to say has got into a set I very much disapprove of, has lately met young Trescott at billiard-rooms, and in much lower haunts. He is a thorough-paced young vagabond. Keen and cunning as an old experienced gambler. Vain and boastful as a boy."

He continued to speak of Walter and of the Trescotts, feeling it very sweet to have the warm ready sympathy and quick intelligence with which Mabel received his confidence. In the midst of his talk Mrs. Saxelby came in. She was pale and worn, and bore the look of one who has been blanching in a close dark room, away from free light and air.

"How is Mr. Saxelby?" asked Clement.

"He has fallen into a doze, and I have come down for a little change. I believe he is better. There is no serious evil. But you lords of the creation are terribly bad patients. I think he might have been well a week ago if he had not increased his fever and irritation by fretting. Why is this dear boy not in bed? Dooley, you are fast asleep, my pet."

"I ain't s'eepy, mamma," said Dooley, struggling into a sitting posture, with his hair all over his eyes, and one cheek flushed a deep burning red from his having pressed it against his sister's shoulder. Mrs. Saxelby rang the bell for the maid. "Go with Sarah, my boy. It is bed-time."

"Ain't *he* doin'?" asked Dooley, making one desperate effort to stand on his legs, and sliding down against his sister's dress on to the hearth-rug.

"Yes, Dooley, I am going too," said Clement. Dooley looked down at him doubtfully from the elevation of Sarah's arms.

"*Is* he doin', Tibby?" Dooley asked, with evident confidence in the truth of the reply he should get from his sister.

"I think he is, Dooley. But even if he doesn't go, you must. Because he's a grown-up man, you know, and you're only a tiny boy."

"Dood-night," said Dooley, resignedly. The view of the subject that Mabel had presented to him was one with which he was not prepared to deal in his drowsy condition.

"I *must* not stay after that," said Clement, when the child had been carried away.

"I will go and get the books I spoke of," murmured Mabel, gliding quietly out of the room. Her mother threw herself into an easy-chair with an air of weariness. She was tired in body and harassed in mind by the monotonous attendance in the sick-room; and Clement's presence was a welcome change.

"Miss Earnshaw has become a disciple of Miss Fluke's, I understand," said Clement.

"Not altogether a disciple," answered Mrs. Saxelby, "but she has consented to assist her in district visiting for a time. I don't mind telling *you* frankly that I do not like it. Mabel is not adapted for that kind of thing. She is the best, the most unselfish, the dearest child in the world. Helpful and unwearied in serving those she loves. But she is not quite—what shall I say?—not quite amenable."

"Not quite amenable to Miss Fluke, that is," said Clement, smiling.

"Exactly. You see, poor dear Miss Fluke, though actuated by the most charming motives, and—and—evangelical things of all sorts," said Mrs. Saxelby, breaking down somewhat in her eulogium, "is not clever. In a worldly sense, Miss Fluke is not clever. Now Mabel is clever. You know that it is not mere mother's partiality which makes me say so, Mr. Charlewood, but Mabel has really remarkable talent and intellect for her age."

"I know it," said Clement. But though he did not speak insincerely, it may be doubted whether he had ever looked upon Mabel in the light of a very intellectual person before. Many of our latent judgments, which might otherwise have lain dormant as the spark lies in the flint, are thus elicited by sudden contact with another mind.

"I have been taking the liberty, Mrs. Saxelby," pursued Clement, "of again speaking to your daughter about those Trescotts. You will think me very audacious to return to the charge after the severe snubbing I got from Miss Earnshaw on the subject the other day."

"Not at all audacious. Very friendly, on the contrary. But, entre nous, Mr. Charlewood, I don't see any such very strong objection to her seeing the child occasionally under the auspices of Miss Fluke. Mabel's sympathies were strongly excited by the circumstances under which she first saw this little girl. As the child grows stronger, and does not call for her pity, Mabel's enthusiasm will cool. Though," added Mrs. Saxelby, after an instant's pause, "Mabel is not apt to be fickle; I must own that."

"Mrs. Saxelby, I have been telling Miss Earnshaw something of which you will better appreciate the weight and bearing than she can. The brother, of whom I have chanced to hear a good deal lately, is a worthless young vagabond. I suppose most people of his class and profession are dissipated and careless. But this lad is worse than that. He is a frequenter of billiard-rooms and taverns. The Trescotts are very poor. The money with which he gratifies his self-indulgence must be got in, to say the least, a disreputable way by gambling. It is a bad case. Think, Mrs. Saxelby, of the possibility of Miss Earnshaw's name being bandied about in low public houses by this young fellow and his associates." Clement's hand clenched itself involuntarily as he spoke.

"I will talk to Mabel myself," said Mrs. Saxelby, nervously; "she will hear reason. Hush, she's coming. Say no more at present, I beg of you."

Mabel came into the room with a little packet of books under her arm. "Mr. Charlewood has promised to take these to Corda Trescott for me, mamma."

"He is very kind."

"There is the White Cat, with illustrations, colored in a very high style of art by myself. Poor white cat! The common paint with which I bedaubed her has grown discolored, and made her into a brown cat by this time. Never mind; there is the story. Then I have Robinson Crusoe, Edgeworth's Rosamond, and a volume of Hans Christian Andersen's tales. It is quite a library for Corda."

"Good-night, Mrs. Saxelby," said Clement, taking charge of the books. "Good-night, Miss Earnshaw. I hope Mr. Saxelby will be quite well and at work again in a day or two. He is not fond of idleness, I know."

Then Clement took his leave and went away. He looked up at the starlight autumn sky as he walked along the suburban road, with its trim hedges on either hand, and all sorts of unpractical and vague fancies danced through his brain.

If another Asmodeus, instead of lifting the house-tops and showing the scenes that are being enacted within, could unroof the mysterious dome wherein our thoughts and imaginations are busy, and could make palpable to the senses their goings and comings—the unlikely guests lodged in one brain, and the unsuspected vacuity of another, the odd corners full of romance and fantasy in some minds that pass for mere unvarying machines, and the hard practical calculation of intellects which an admiring world supposes to be "of imagination all compact"—could such a familiar demon be found, I believe we should witness a far more strange and wonderful spectacle than any of those which greeted the astonished eyes of the Spanish student.

A SEALED PROPOSAL.

"Do I believe in special providences?" Look yonder at my wife, and tell me how a bashful, blundering man, as I was in my younger days, ever became possessed of such a treasure! I won her by mistake, Sir!

Listen, and then say if it isn't true, as Shakspeare has it:

> "Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well."

I was teaching school in Pillicoddy one winter. I think I may have been endowed with the average allowance of brains, but I had withal an unfortunate weakness for falling in love. My Lord Cupid is certainly capable of wounding in two places—viz., the head as well as the heart—and it is my opinion that in those days there was a flaw, not to say a crack, in my intellect, all due to the innumerable arrows which had hit me at random. But in looking back upon my past life I have one thing to be thankful for: I was as unattractive and harmless a swain as ever fell in love with a high-topped comb. I made nobody wretched for me, and I even have a suspicion that my fair friends sometimes laughed at my expense.

Mary Ann and Martha Puffin were my favorite pupils that winter. Mary Ann's hair was spun gold, and she had dove's eyes. Martha, dubbed "Patty," was a gipsy aged fifteen, and I think it was her saucy black eyes which wrought the mischief.

Bless me, how I did stutter over that girl's slate, vibrating between poetry and Decimal Fractions, and only recovering myself by running a pin under my thumb-nail! She, little innocent, looked up in wonder at my insane explanations; but it mattered little to her, she having no head for figures.

Sensible, clear-headed Mary Ann never mistrusted my infatuation for her little sister. She was sorry Patty was so very dull, and rated the child for her heedlessness as one might upbraid a frolicsome kitten.

I had little solid ground for hope. The only comment I had heard of Patty's making upon me was to ask "if Mr. Whippowill felt as bad as he looked." But "love can hope where reason would despair;" and when, one day, she drew on her slate a ridiculous figure of me tweaking my nose, as was my wont, I really felt flattered.

"She finds I might look worse, or I could not be caricatured; besides, she takes notice of my slight eccentricities, which is encouraging," I said.

I decided to call at Mr. Puffin's. It was a desperate undertaking for a bashful man, and a dangerous one, considering my comparative aberration of intellect. But I fastened a Free Mason pin into my glossy shirt-bosom, ran my fingers through my bushy hair, and remarked to myself, "Pshaw! What do women care for masculine beauty? For those who regard it," giving a contemptuous look at the glass, "it must be confessed my roughly-cut features and pictorial freckles may not be captivating. But," continued I, scowling defiantly, "here's farewell to the girl who prefers beauty to merit!"

So waving my hand with an imperial gesture I set out for an evening visit at the Puffins'. The bell went ting-a-ling, and my heart pit-a-pat. Which sound was loudest I don't know, but one of them brought Mary Ann; and she was so self-possessed that I rallied my forces and walked into the sitting-room as bravely as I ever entered a dentist's office in my life.

There sat Papa and Mamma Puffin, and little Patty between them on the rug, holding a vivacious dog named Pickle. The picture was so bewitching that my wits disappeared at once. I forgot my own name, and was only reminded of it by being introduced with due solemnity to Mr. Puffin.

"Happy to make your acquaintance," murmured my father-in-law elect, with an upward glance of curiosity. "Whippowill, Whippowill," added he, reflectively, "I used to know a fellow of that name—went round peddling tin. I sold him my gray horse, but he never paid me a cent. Any relation of yours?"

You will perceive, Sir, that this mode of speech was not calculated to inspire confidence in a young man already suffering from extreme humility; however, I was stung by it to answer meekly but firmly that, to the best of my knowledge, none of my family were tin-peddlers by profession. This naturally suggested the desire to know what trade my friends did follow if they didn't follow peddling? Where they lived? How many they were all told? Their state of health? And their views of politics?

Patty chased Pickle across the floor and made him bark at my boots; that was the extent of her hospitality toward me. Mary Ann sat knitting, and made now and then some pertinent remark; but was always interrupted by a sharp interjection from Pickle or a genealogical question from good Mrs. Puffin, who was as desirous as her husband to set me climbing my family tree.

At last I found my tongue and grew eloquent upon general topics. I believe I outdid myself, and Mary Ann's face glowed with animation; but just as I began to take observations of my impression upon Patty I saw she was dead asleep on the rug!

Deeply mortified I took a hurried leave; but the ice was broken and I called again. In short, I fell into the habit of calling. Mr. Puffin and Madam, becoming exhausted by their researches into my pedigree, gradually withdrew from the room, leaving me conversing with Mary Ann, who was always charming, and gazing at her sister who was usually asleep on the rug.

I began to find it was impossible to get speech with the child except at school an occasional broken sentence concerning Fractions. (I remember she began with Decimals and worked backward into Reduction Descending.) So I resolved to write her a letter. I suppose it contained enough "aching voids" and "dreary deserts" to render it genuine; at any rate it must have been intelligible to any one who could read lover's English. Accordingly I was greatly surprised when a week passed and I had received no answer. I must call at the house and discover the cause of this mysterious silence.

Now listen, Sir, and say if I was not Fate's foot-ball. For the events which had been occurring during the last seven days, and for the consequences which would follow, I was no more responsible than a summer zephyr.

Mary Ann was absent, and Patty met me at the door with an air of childish importance. Would I walk into the parlor? There was something she would like to say to me, and papa and mamma were in the sitting-room. She seemed to tremble.

"Dear Miss Patty," said I, seizing her hand rapturously; "so you did receive my letter after all?"

"Yes, oh yes! There, I thought it was yours, I knew it was yours!"

"Certainly, dear girl, it was mine. Could you doubt it?"

For answer she thrust into my hand the fragments of a written document so torn as to be beyond recognition. I peered at it and detected the isolated words "affection," "reciprocal," "Whippowill." Did she mean to insult me?

"Patty, oh, Patty!" I murmured, as I gazed at the mouse-nest which had once been my elaborately written letter.

"That's all there was left of it," whispered the child. "Don't scold, for 'twas Pickle did it! You see Tommy took it out of the office, 'twas such a shame! And Tommy hasn't any more sense than to let Pickle carry things, though he always chews them up, and I've told him time and again that Pickle—"

"Never mind Pickle," said I, for I saw she was starting off on her favorite topic. "So you don't know yet what was in that letter?"

"Oh, don't you tell!" gasped she. "I'm not inquisitive a bit, I don't wish to know."

"Oh, Patty, Patty Puffin!" I was mortified, you may suppose.

"You think me a baby. You laugh at me," said she, ready to cry; "but I know it was a love-letter just as well as if I had read it."

"Of course you do," stammered I, and was on the point of running away ingloriously, but remembered the words of the son of Sirach, "Woe to him that is faint-hearted."

"And what answer would you give, in case you *had* read the letter, Miss Patty? Would you say 'Yes, Mr. Whippowill?'"

"Oh no, no!" laughed she, dancing across the floor. "I'd a great deal rather not!"

I pursued her into a corner.

"And why not, Miss Patty?"

"Because I'm not Mary Ann."

"To be sure you are not!"

"And don't like homely people."

"Does she?"

Patty pursed her little lips.

"You thought so, didn't you, Sir, or you wouldn't have written her a letter?"

"Written Mary Ann a letter?"

"There now, don't go and deny it! You look as you do when you explain the arithmetic, this way"—making a grimace intended as a striking copy of my facial expression.

"Why didn't you say it to her right out?" pursued the little hoyden. "I'm sure she's been ready in the sitting-room with her best delaine dress on. I've gone to sleep on purpose, and twice I went out."

"Now, Patty, don't," said I, blushing violently.

"Well, I know it isn't polite, Mr. Whippowill; but every body lets me say what I please."

"Go on," murmured I, half choked. "I can bear any thing after this."

"I was only going to say, if I were you and were tongue-tied," continued the little Miss, tossing her head, "I'd have given her the letter at school."

(Ah, indeed!)

"You knew she'd gone to Uncle Cyrus's. Why didn't you wait for her to come back?"

No answer.

"It was very dangerous to drop it in the post-office, Mr. Whippowill. Father opens Mary Ann's letters, yes, he does! It was real cute of Pickle to tear it up; he's a blessed dog."

I believe I groaned.

"Wasn't it nice, Mr. Whippowill, that it happened 'twas *me* pulled it out of that dog's mouth? I never told a single living soul. Say I can't keep a secret! What think now, Sir?"

"Patty Puffin, my thoughts are unutterable!"

"Yes, I presume so. You're longing for me to tell you what Mary Ann will say; and I have my opinion to be sure, but you can't tease it out of me, and you needn't try. Come, Mr. Whippowill, let's go into the sitting-room; I'm all of a shiver."

The proverb affirms that "a fool has his heart on his tongue, but the wise man keeps his tongue in his heart." I had discretion enough to hold my peace. The die wasn't cast yet. I would go home and reflect.

It is my impression that on this memorable evening my mind started up from a sound sleep. I began to see what an idiot I had been to fancy myself in love with this child, who was as far from reciprocating my feelings as she was from understanding Compound Fractions.

I must say I was conscious of a thrill of satisfaction from the assurance that she believed my witless letter had been addressed to her sister; otherwise how the minx would have laughed at me! Now she would tell Mary Ann the whole story, or her version of it, the moment she came home. Well, what if she did? Why, I should stand committed, that was all. I had a little private conversation with myself, and decided that I didn't care. If my heart was broken I was unconscious of the fact.

I lay awake all night, counting up, point by point, the perfections in Mary Ann's character, and was astonished that I had not appreciated her before. She was the true Cynosura, Patty only a will-o'-the-wisp. So much for my habit of being dazzled by a pair of bright eyes.

But would she accept Sam Whippowill, the feather-brained fellow? I mean, would Mary Ann? Ah, if she only would, I would engage it should make a man of him!

I awaited her arrival with intense anxiety. Bless her unsuspicious, tender little heart! She did not say No! Perhaps she fancied, woman-like, that there was more in me to admire than met the eye; how was it, Mary Ann?

She does not hear me across the room, or I wouldn't venture the remark. She never knew these particulars of my "sealed proposal," and can not imagine why I name all my dogs Pickle.

Don't you say,

> "Our indiscretions sometimes serve us well?"

Here's a health to my beloved companion of forty years; "Whom God loves, to him gives He such a wife."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Graphic Description of China.—A country where the roses have no fragrance, and the women no petticoats; where the laborer has no Sabbath, and the magistrate no sense of honor; where the roads bear no vehicles, and the ships no keels; where old men fly kites; where the needle points to the south, and the sign of being puzzled is to scratch the antipodes on the heel; where the place of honor is on the left hand, and the seat of intellect is in the stomach; where to take off your hat is an insolent gesture, and to wear white garments is to put yourself in mourning; which has a literature without an alphabet, and a language without a grammar.

TO THE MAID WITH THE GOLDEN HAIR.

Yes! thou art lovely—thy figure and face
Were formed in the models of beauty and grace,
And gold are those ringlets of thine;
But, talking of gold, few would love thee the worse,
Instead of the hair, were the gold in thy purse,
And I should declare thee divine.

Teach a child that there is harm in every thing, however innocent, and as soon as it discovers the cheat it won't see no sin in any thing. That's the reason deacons' sons seldom turn out well, and preachers' daughters are married through a window.

Literary.—A paragraph just now going the rounds, states that "Night, a poem, in nine books," is to be shortly published. We hope—indeed we think it probable—that such a very long night will lead to a good deal of somnolence.

Logical Exercise for Ladies.—Jumping to conclusions.

THE MOURNER À LA MODE.

I saw her last night at a party
(The elegant party at Mead's),
And looking remarkably hearty
For a widow so young in her weeds;
Yet I know she was suffering sorrow
Too deep for the tongue to express—
Or why had she chosen to borrow
So much from the language of dress?

Her shawl was as sable as night;
And her gloves were as dark as her shawl;
And her jewels—that flashed in the light—
Were black as a funeral pall;
Her robe had the hue of the rest
(How nicely it fitted her shape!),
And the grief that was heaving her breast
Boiled over in billows of crape!

What tears of vicarious woe,
That else might have sullied her face,
Were kindly permitted to flow
In ripples of ebony lace!
While even her fan, in its play,
Had quite a lugubrious scope,
And seemed to be waving away
The ghost of the angel of Hope!

Yet rich as the robes of a queen
Was the sombre apparel she wore,
I'm certain I never had seen
Such a sumptuous sorrow before;
And I couldn't help thinking the beauty,
In mourning the loved and the lost,
Was doing her conjugal duty
Altogether regardless of cost!

One surely would say a devotion
Performed at so vast an expense
Betrayed an excess of emotion
That was really something immense;
And yet, as I viewed at my leisure
Those tokens of tender regard,
I thought: It is scarce without measure—
The sorrow that goes by the yard!

Ah! grief is a curious passion;
And yours—I am sorely afraid—
The very next phase of the fashion
Will find it beginning to fade:
Though dark are the shadows of grief,
The morning will follow the night,
Half tints will betoken relief,
Till joy shall be symboled in white!

Ah! well—it were idle to quarrel
With Fashion or aught she may do;
And so I conclude with a moral
And metaphor—warranted new:
When *measles* come handsomely out,
The patient is safest, they say;
And the *sorrow* is mildest, no doubt,
That works in a similar way!

Notice.—The following curious notice recently appeared on Ludford Church door, Herts, and was previously read in the church: "This is to give notice that no person is to be buried in this church-yard but those living in the parish; and those who wish to be buried are desired to apply to Ephraim Grub, parish clerk."

Curved is the line of Beauty;
Straight is the line of Duty;
Walk by the last, and thou wilt see
The other ever follow thee.

The man who has nothing to boast of but his illustrious ancestry is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is underground.

At a recent railroad celebration the following sentiment was given: "Our mothers—the only faithful tenders who never misplaced a switch."

Vigee, taking the portrait of a lady, perceived that when he was working at the mouth she was twisting her features in order to render it smaller, and put her lips into the most violent contraction. Impatient at such designing artifice, he at length said to her, "Don't hurt yourself, Madam, in trying to make your mouth smaller; because, if you choose, I will make none at all."

A little three-year old was considerably excited the other day by seeing the cat kill a mouse. The next day she asked her mother, suddenly, "Who made the birdies?" "God made them, my child." "Who feeds the birdies, mamma?" "God feeds them." "Mamma, who made the mices?" she continued. "God made them." The little one was thoughtful a moment, and then asked, energetically, "Does God keep a *cat?*" The mother told her she would tell her all about it when she got older, but for the present she had better go play with her new India-rubber doll.

TO A BOTTLE.

'Tis very strange that you and I
Together can not pull;
For you are full when I am dry,
And dry when I am full.

At one of the schools in Chicago the inspector asked the children if they could give any text of the Scripture which forbade a man having two wives. One of the children sagely quoted in reply the text, "No man can serve two masters."

How to make a Hole in your Income—Pay a large rent.

An old bachelor geologist was boasting that every rock was as familiar to him as the alphabet. A lady who was present declared that she knew of a rock of which he was wholly ignorant. "Name it, Madam," cried Cœlebs, in a rage. "It is rock the cradle, Sir," replied the lady. Cœlebs vanished.

Just Like Him.—Old Singleton says that he only knows of one thing better than a Wedding Present—a Wedding Absent.

TO LYDIA.

Impromptu on seeing her New India-Rubber Ear.

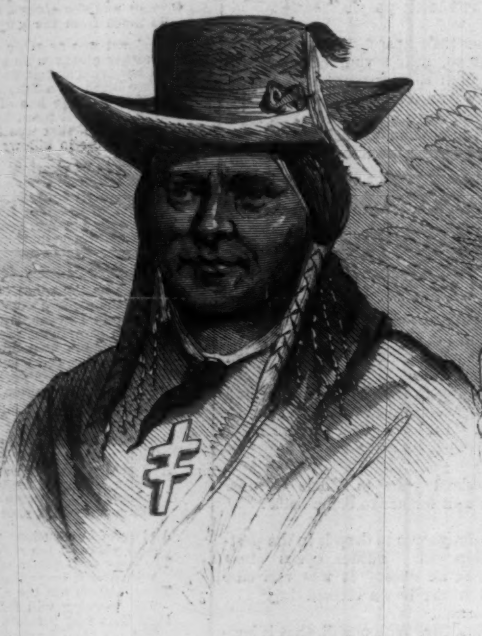
Lydia hath a mimic ear.
Truth to tell, 'tis very tiny;
Cast in caoutchouc so queer,
But pink as shell of Ocean briny.
Envy pale may frowning chide,
Lydia, whom th' elastic pleases,
In comfort takes her morning ride,
With lobes that feel no nipping breezes.
Lydia hath a mimic ear, etc.

Lydia's lisping lover burns
To kiss her crimson cheek so sweet—he
Marvels deeply when she turns
A cold, deaf ear to his entreaty.
But let none scorn Lydia's taste
Who whisper nonsense ev'ry minute,
An auricle composed of paste
Is worth a thousand vows breathed in it.
Lydia hath a mimic ear, etc.

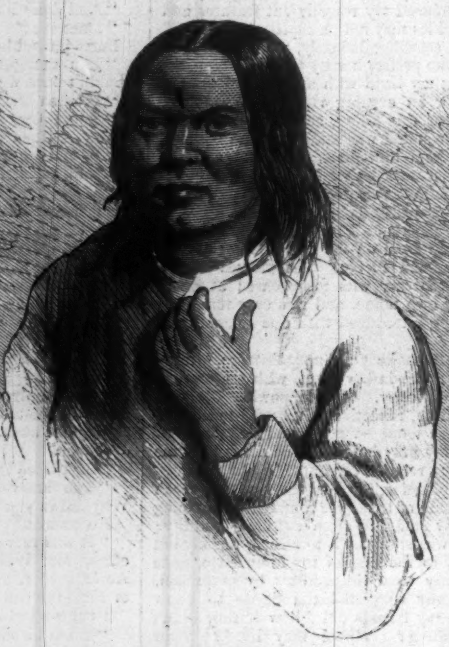
A Standing Dish at Utah.—A spare rib.

It was once mentioned to Mr. Smith that a lady kept her books in detached shelves, the male authors in one, and the female in another, when the poet replied, "I suppose the lady's reasons were that she did not wish to increase her library."

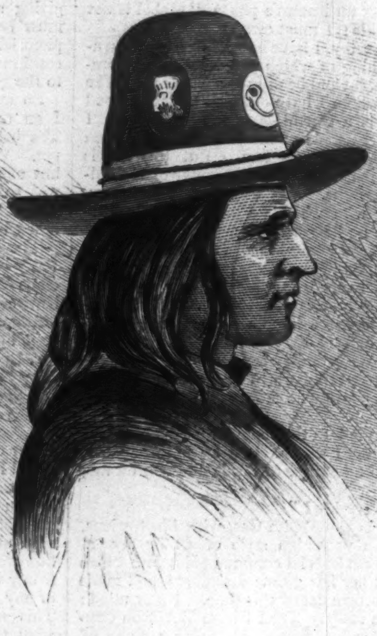
Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation: they do not take in any thing for their own use, but merely to pass it to another



ALTELA, CHIEF OF THE KIOWAS.



SET-IM-GA-ER, OR "STUMBLING BEAR."

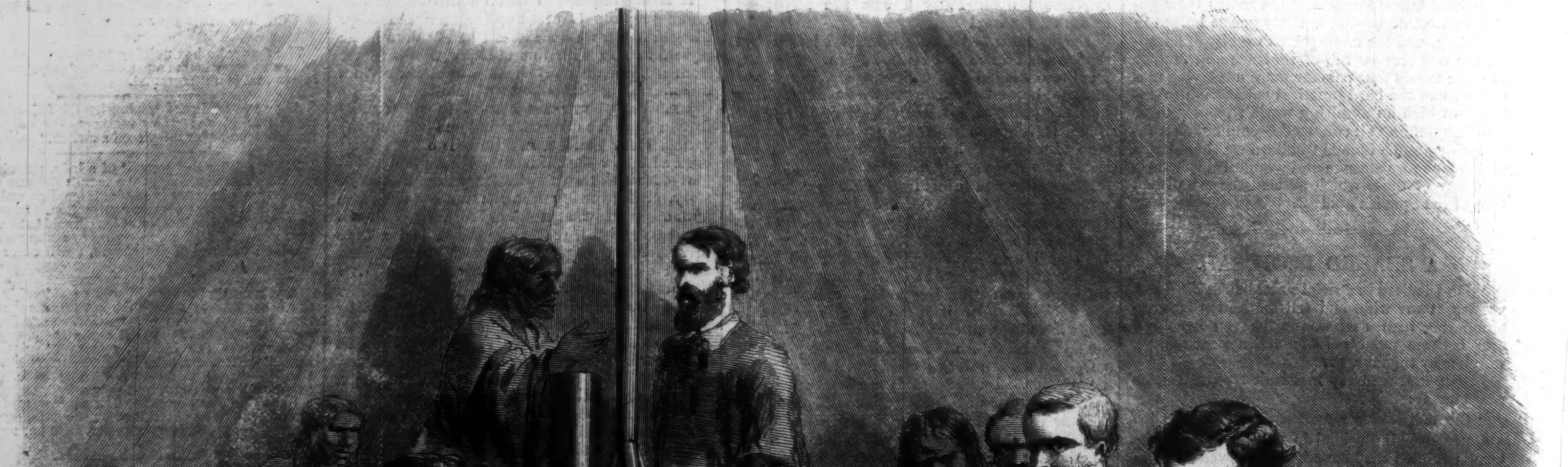


TEN-E-AU-COOP, OR "KICKING BIRD."

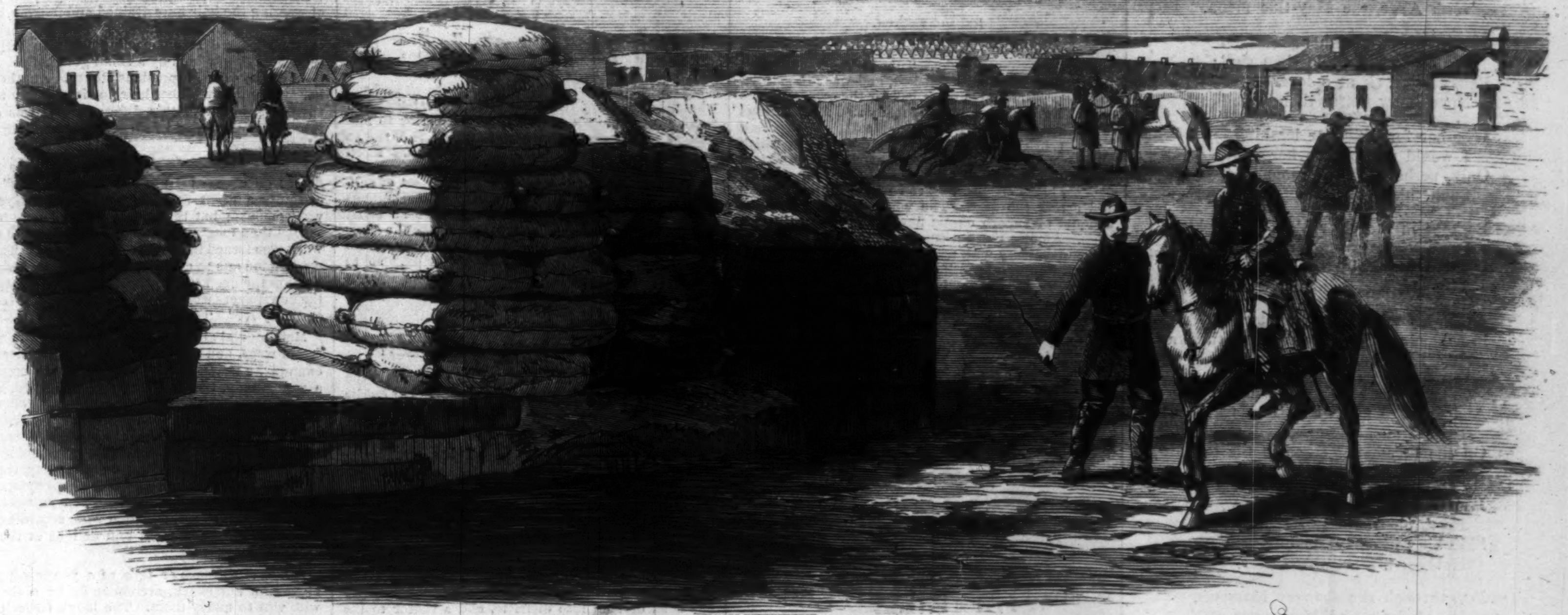
THE INDIAN WAR.

The news from the Hancock and Sully expeditions against the hostile Indians is to May 10. The councils which have been held have not resulted in a permanent peace; but, on the contrary, war has become general throughout the Territories occupied by the Cheyennes, Sioux, Kiowas, Pinal, and Apaches. General Hancock held councils with the Kiowas on April 24 at Fort Dodge, and on May 1 near Fort Larned. The Indians promised to remain at peace, but on May 4 they declared "war to the knife." General Hancock's answer was, "You shall have war until every warrior cries enough;" and he immediately began active operations against them. The effect of his first movement from Fort Larned was the driving of the Cheyennes, who had been threatening the "Arkansas" and "Smoky Hill" routes to the northward. They moved in four large war-parties, and appeared on the "Platte River" or "Northern Route" on May 7. They burned two ranches and committed other depredations. Meantime General Sully, at Fort Laramie, was engaged in holding councils with the Indians from the Territories north of the Platte River, all of whom professed a desire for peace. Lieutenant-General Sherman, commanding in the West, repaired to Fort Harker on May 11, for the purpose of holding a final talk with the Kiowas, Comanches, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes, in the hope of patching up a peace.

Our illustrations in this connection are of more than usual interest. The "Council at Fort Dodge," on April 24, was held in a Sibley tent, and Generals Hancock and A. J. Smith, Colonels Wyncoop, Leavenworth, and Mitchell, and Major Douglass, and Dick Curtis, the interpreter, were present. The Indians were represented by Ten-e-au-coop, or "Kicking Bird," a portrait of whom we give, and who is described by our artist as "the shrewdest scoundrel of the Kiowas." He affects the costume of



INDIAN COUNCIL AT FORT DODGE, KANSAS, BETWEEN GENERAL HANCOCK AND THE KIOWA CHIEFS.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

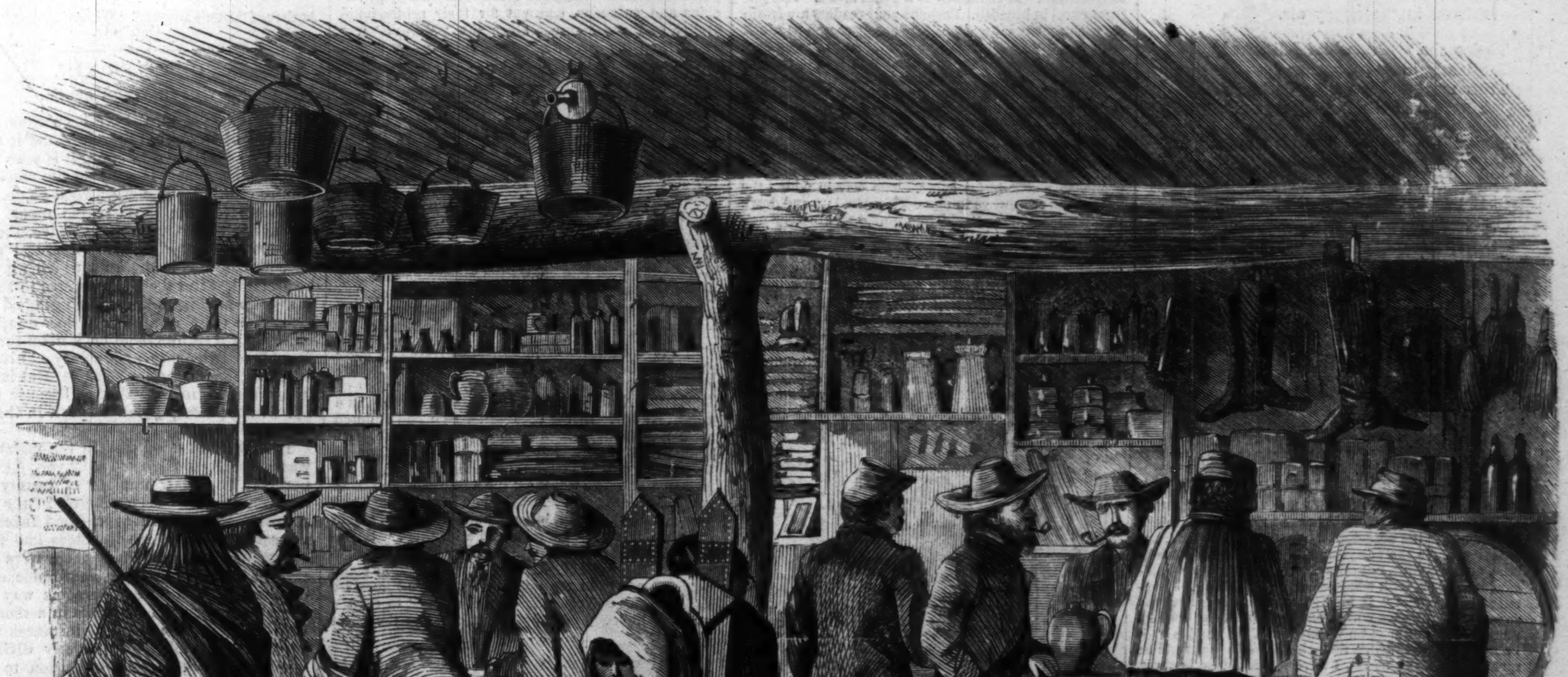


INTERIOR OF FORT DODGE, KANSAS.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

the whites, and wears a soldier's uniform if he can get it. Set-im-ga-er, or "Stumbling Bear," who was also present, appears to be a rival of "Kicking Bird," as our artist calls him "the *greatest* scoundrel of the Kiowa tribe." Probably the only mode of describing individuals of the race is to give their relative degrees in villainy. Altela is looked upon by the army officers as a true friend of peace, but in the council, on this occasion, his opinion appears to have had little weight with his red brethren. The council near Fort Larned on May 1 was held with Sa-tau-ti, one of the Kiowa chiefs, but it resulted like the rest—only in promises of peace.

We also give a view of the "Interior of Fort Dodge," a post on the "Smoky Hill Route," which was established about three years ago. Its garrison consists of about one hundred soldiers of all arms. The quarters of the officers are sunk in the ground to the depth of three or four feet. The rest of the structure is of sod, plastered inside and out. The roofs are composed of small saplings, on which bushes are thrown and covered with earth.

The "Sutler's Store at Fort Dodge" shows the interior of the lounging-place for all the idlers about the station—it is, in fact, the grand hotel, restaurant, and club-house of the post. After the 1st of July next the act of Congress abolishing the post of sutler goes into operation, and those very convenient pests of an army, the sutlers, go out.



SUTLER'S STORE AT FORT DODGE, KANSAS.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

UNDER THE MOON.

Lingering late in the orchard—
  Afraid where I most was fain—
I heard the sound of the laughter
  Come ringing down the lane.

Never a lamp in the window,
  But the night was more like noon;
And Jennie I knew was watching,
  With Alice, the May-tide moon.

Jennie, whose mouth of mischief
  Would sooner smile than sigh;
Ready to mock at a lover—
  None knew better than I.

Whether for liking or loathing
  I would not trouble her more:
Only, perhaps, in the moonlight—
  Such things have happened before—

Perhaps in the clear May moonlight,
  Chancing to meet her there,
I might walk with her homeward,
  To show her I did not care.

A sudden lull in the laughter,
  A shade on the green-sward thrown,
And a little hurrying figure
  Came down the path alone.

And close to me, where I was hidden
  Behind an apple-tree,
On the broad, flat stone in the orchard,
  With clasping hands knelt she.

I pressed my heart to muffle
  Its throb from her startled ear;
Shrinking into my shadow,
  Holding my breath to hear.

For, through the showery blossoms,
  Up at the round May moon
She gazed, and softly chanted
  A charm to a quaint old tune.

"All hail to thee, Moon! I pray thee,
  Good Moon, now show to me
The face of my future husband,
  Wherever he chance to be!"

The shifting light and shadow
  Played over her wavy hair,
And only a low leaf-murmur
  Stirred in the sleepy air.

Thrice she spoke, while I listened,
  Silently biding my time;
Then moving out of the darkness
  I answered the fateful rhyme.

Pink through the white May moonlight
  The loosened petals fell,
But sweeter than all their sweetness—
  If one but cared to tell!

Two loitered on together
  Where one had hurried alone.
Little I recked of laughter,
  Of mocking glance or tone:

Wiles that, however coquettish,
  Could never, I knew, unsay
The spell that wrought our fortunes
  Under the moon of May.

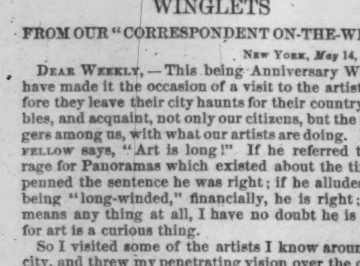
WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

New York, *May* 14, 1867.

Dear Weekly,—This being Anniversary Week I have made it the occasion of a visit to the artists, before they leave their city haunts for their country rambles, and acquaint, not only our citizens, but the strangers among us, with what our artists are doing. Longfellow says, "Art is long!" If he referred to the rage for Panoramas which existed about the time he penned the sentence he was right; if he alludes to it being "long-winded," financially, he is right; if he means any thing at all, I have no doubt he is right, for art is a curious thing.

So I visited some of the artists I know around the city, and threw my penetrating vision over the classic gems that swarm their studios. To begin as the other art-critics do, I say, "We now pass to the room of Smith." Smith has

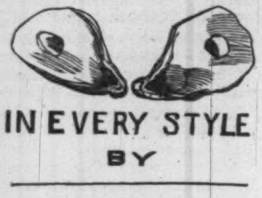


HIS STUDIO

in Chatham Street. You have to go down six steps to get to it. Smith says that he prefers a cellar; there is a melancholy gloom about it that inspires him with tragic sentiments. As I entered the studio of Smith there was a half-finished painting upon the easel. Smith was busy at it. It was a group of game. The sirloin of beef was very fine, the clustering fat was well done, and had not that raw appearance so often seen in nature. I particularly admired the way the bone was treated, it was sawed so square off.

There was a leg of lamb, also, covered with admirable white fat, while a pair of dead chickens were true to life. There was rock-fish and a glass of celery carelessly flung into the back-ground, and the whole was surmounted with a beautiful curve of handsome shaded letters reading "Bloater's Great Dinners."

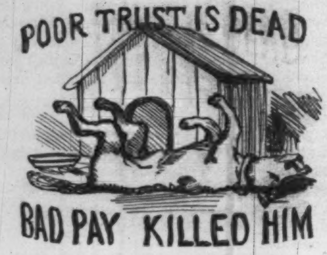
There was also hanging up in the studio a beautiful



MARINE SKETCH.

The prominent objects were a couple of shell-fish, with appropriate surroundings. This little sketch, Smith told me, was not quite finished, and was not painted to order, as there was room left for the owner's name on it. I understand there is ready sale for paintings of this kind.

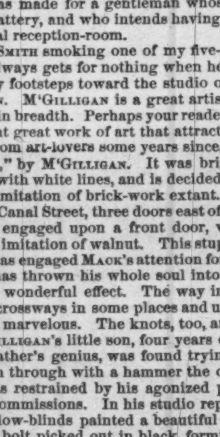
Smith has just finished a Windsor Chair, which alone would suffice to give him a reputation as a great artist. Upon a green back-ground there are painted delicate black stripes, that run up and down the legs and across the seat. The whole is crowned by a bouquet of superb exotic flowers, painted upon the back. Among these a sunflower is prominent from the rare delicacy with which it is treated. Smith has thrown into this beautiful composition the reflection of his own mighty genius, and we can almost snuff the fragrance of the hollyhocks that twine in graceful convolutions around the edge of the back. Smith has many smaller compositions here, thrown off in his odd moments. They are all admirable, but I can only notice one. It is of



AN ALLEGORICAL NATURE,

and as such will certainly cause Nast to look to his laurels. The pose of the principal figure is faultless, and the feeling, or, more properly speaking, the want of feeling, thrown into the composition (which consists of only eight words), is beyond all praise. This, Smith tells me, was made for a gentleman whose residence faces the Battery, and who intends having it put up in his principal reception-room.

Leaving Smith smoking one of my five-cent cigars, which he always gets for nothing when he meets me, I turned my footsteps toward the studio of my friend M'Gilligan. M'Gilligan is a great artist. His pictures excel in breadth. Perhaps your readers are familiar with that great work of art that attracted so much attention from art-lovers some years since, "The Side of a House," by M'Gilligan. It was bright red, interspersed with white lines, and is decidedly the most admirable imitation of brick-work extant. It is to be seen yet in Canal Street, three doors east of Broadway. He is now engaged upon a front door, which he is painting in imitation of walnut. This stupendous undertaking has engaged Mack's attention for some days past. He has thrown his whole soul into it, and has produced a wonderful effect. The way in which the grain runs crossways in some places and up and down in others is marvelous. The knots, too, are very natural. M'Gilligan's little son, four years old, who inherits his father's genius, was found trying to knock one of them through with a hammer the other morning, but was restrained by his agonized parent. He has other commissions. In his studio reposes a couple of window-blinds painted a beautiful green, with hinges and bolt picked out in black, forming a handsome contrast. But the finest of M'Gilligan's efforts was a barber's pole. This was masterly in design and superb in execution. The red and white emblems of our glorious nationality, twined gracefully around the pole, which was crowned with a gorgeous gilt ball. M'Gilligan may well rest his fame upon this. Mack wears overalls



AT HIS WORK,

and parts his glossy black hair on the back of his head. He looks every inch an artist!

Dropping in at Sloper's, I surprised him at work upon a fine picture. Sloper is the fellow who gets up the drawings for the menagerie posters. Sloper is a great artist. He was getting off a thing in which two feline animals were playing with a man in red tights. I stopped and gazed at it in admiration. "Why, Sloper, these are the most superb tom-cats I ever saw," I remarked.

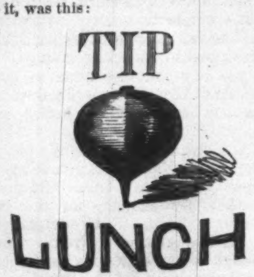
"What?" said he; "tom-cats! Young man, don't trifle with my feelings in that rough manner: I don't like it."

"My boy," said I, "far be it from me to offend you, but they *are* the best-drawn Thomas-cats I ever viewed."

"They're tigers, you thick-headed lunk," said he.

Assuming all my natural dignity, I then said that if he repeated that offensive expression my natural self-respect would compel me to poke him on the nose. With that he flew at me like one of his own tom-cats, and I had to leave him. I felt sorry for him. He has a great deal yet to learn.

Wittles's studio being next in my way I turned in. I was warmly welcomed by Wittles, who asked me to ask him out and take something. We took it, and came back. Wittles is a great artist. His room is filled with the productions of his prolific brush. Among the noble works of art that hang upon his walls may be mentioned the following: "To Let, Inquire Within." This is done in handsome black letters finely shaded with green on a white ground; "No Smoking," a noble work of art; "Syrups of all Flavors," faultless in design and beautiful in execution; also "Cove Plants" and "Lager Beer." But the most touching and ingenious composition, one that tells the whole story, more impressive than words could do it, was this:



where the figure of the top was so natural that you could almost hear it hum. This is superior to any thing I saw at Sloper's; and I believe if Wittles keeps on improving he will surely make his mark some day without the aid of a stencil.

I am a friend of Art (except the manly art of self-defense), because it elevates the soul and encourages the canvas manufacturers. I love to see an artist hard at work at his easel, throwing off with the same ease, and treating alike the sunshine and the storm. Indeed, of all persons that "dabble in oil," so to speak, he is the most to be envied, excepting

Your own C. O. W.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Many facts of general interest are contained in the recent Annual Report of the Commissioners of Public Charities and Corrections. All the prisons, alms-houses, hospitals, and reformatory institutions of the county are under the supervision of these Commissioners. During the past year, by careful personal investigation in regard to the internal management of these institutions, the expense for each individual has been reduced, and the comfort of the sick materially increased, and this, notwithstanding the high price of food and clothing. The medical accommodations of the hospitals have been enlarged and perfected. A department for the treatment of the sick at their own houses has also been established. The city has been divided into districts, and a visitor to the poor in each district has been appointed. A school for the education of idiots has been opened in charge of a competent teacher, and the progress which the scholars have made proves that even their wretched condition may be alleviated. Bellevue Hospital contains 1000 beds, and is open at all hours of the day and night for the reception of patients. During the past year 7725 patients were treated, of whom 6112 were discharged and cured, 823 died, and there are 790 now under treatment. No charge is made except for patients abundantly able to pay, and the maximum charge for them is fifty cents a day. The medical organization of the Hospital consists of twenty physicians and surgeons, eminent for their professional ability and experience. Since the "Morgue" was opened, on the 21st of last June, seventy-two bodies have been received. Of these, twenty-eight were identified by friends. A hospital for such as are not prevented by their ailments from following their ordinary occupations was opened last October, and meets the needs of many. Of the charitable institutions in charge of the Commissioners, the Bellevue Hospital and Out-door Poor Hospital are in New York City; the others are located on Blackwell's and Randall's Islands.

It is suggested that if shop-keepers would make a more limited display of goods *outside* of their shops there would be fewer thieves. Moreover, hanging dry-goods above and across the sidewalks not only spoils the goods, and tempts the weak-minded, but gives our city a second-class, bazar appearance, which is any thing but pleasing to a really refined taste.

In a recent lecture upon Africa, delivered by Monsieur Du Chaillu before the Travelers' Club in this city, the lecturer stated that many of the tribes of Equatorial Africa esteemed the flesh of the gorilla a great delicacy. In his explorations he had suffered more from hunger than from any other cause. He generally took a monkey along with him, and would first let the monkey taste the berries he found by the way-side, and if he would eat them he considered them safe food for himself. Thus he had lived for days and weeks, and, looking at his monkey companion, would exclaim: "Am not I a man and a brother?" Sometimes the monkey's taste in berries differed from his own; but he was obliged to put up with what he could get, and eat what the monkey set before him. He had also not unfrequently been compelled to eat the monkey himself, and found him equal to the finest venison.

Most persons can be coaxed—very few will be driven. "*Will you?*"—is received in a friendly spirit, while "*You must*" rouses "old Adam," and "*I won't*" is often the mental if not the verbal response. The other day a gentleman was riding up town, standing on the platform of a crowded car. His attention was drawn to a commotion within the car. A young German boy had given the conductor a 2½-dollar gold piece, from which to take his fare. The conductor pocketed the gold, and making no allowance for premium, gave the boy change for two and a half in currency. The unsuspecting boy made no complaint; but a chivalrous Frenchman, who sat beside him, espoused his cause with national impetuosity, and indignantly remonstrated with the conductor. A battle of words ensued: "You *shall* give him the right change," insisted the Frenchman. "I sha'n't," was the stolid reply. "You *must*." "I won't." And so on until every body was watching the contest, and the conductor retreated to the platform, followed by a threatening gesture, and a "*You shall*" from the excited champion of youthful rights. "What is the trouble?" inquired the gentleman who had watched the proceedings from the platform; "does he want you to give the boy the change?" "Yes," responded the angry conductor, "and I ain't bound to give him change." "No," replied the gentleman, quietly, "you are not bound to give him change; but if you give him *any* change, are you not bound to give him the *right* change?" The man stood silent and thoughtful—then, taking the gold from his pocket, went toward the young German, apparently to make the matter right. But the Frenchman caught sight of him, and half rising, sung out, "You *shall* give him the change!" "I won't," declared the conductor. "You keep quiet," interposed a better student of human nature to the fiery Frenchman, "and he will do it." And so it proved. The Frenchman subsided and the German got his dues.

Lay figures in dry-goods and millinery establishments are common enough. But a horrible story is afloat of a fashionable Boston undertaker, who exposed in his broad plate-glass window "a coffin containing a full-length corpse, the grave-clothes neatly arranged around the dead and ghastly form, as an example of the excellent taste of the funeral upholsterer." Undoubtedly the story is a fabrication. But while it goes the rounds of the papers, we suggest that it will be sensational enough if "lay figure" be substituted for the word "corpse."

An attempt is being made to introduce the fashion of wearing the hair unrestrained and flowing, in what has been called the "mane" style. Two ladies recently appeared at an evening party in Paris with their hair simply held by a small gold bandeau of antique form, set with precious stones. Another made her appearance with her hair flowing loosely over her shoulders, but with this difference—it was divided into two portions, and fastened together with strings of pearls.

Perhaps nothing puzzles an author more than to decide on a title for his book. A "taking" title is certainly a great desideratum in these days of advertisements; but the matter might be more easily settled than most writers suppose. Some years ago a work was issued in London entitled "*It*." The name was a good one to advertise, and for days before publication the dead walls of the city and the columns of the newspapers were filled with such laconic sentences as "Buy *It!*" "Read *It!*" "Order *It!*"

Matrimonial alliances are consummated in very different ways, and in very curious circumstances. For example, a Missouri gentleman became engaged to a young lady, the wedding-day was fixed, and the guests invited. But when the time arrived, and the wedding guests assembled, the faithless bridegroom did not appear. Of course the bride and her friends were overwhelmed with embarrassment and mortification. But a young gentleman of the party, captivated by the beauty of the bride, and perhaps sympathizing in her chagrin, proposed to become a substitute. He was accepted, and the couple were accordingly married, to the astonishment and delight of the assembled company.

A Texas newspaper tells of a young couple who eloped on horseback, accompanied by a clergyman, who was to marry them. The lady's father pursued, and it becoming doubtful who would win the race, the maiden called out to her clerical friend, "Can't you marry us as we run?" Accordingly he commenced the ritual, and just as the bride's father clutched her bridle-rein the clergyman pronounced the lovers man and wife. The father was so pleased with the dashing action that, as the story goes, he gave them his blessing.

PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

WEAVING THE SPELL.

Pastoral pleasures have been sung in every key, and when circumstances render it desirable that we should leave London, it is wise and well to remember that "God made the country, and man the town." The greenwood glade, and the rippling river, the dark purple moor, and the sky undefiled by smoke, the peace, the purity, and the other privileges of the rural districts, have a good deal in them for which we ought to be grateful. But there is a reverse to the shield. It may do intelligent human beings good to be socially "desolate" at times. It does do them good indeed, for it throws them back upon themselves, and obliges them to assiduously cultivate their own best for distraction's sake. But it does not improve them to be "dumb" because they can not without intermission "speak in the congregation of fools."

Haldon Hall stood well in the midst of what was generally designated a "very good neighborhood." A fair number of county families had centuries ago been planted in the soil surrounding the Haldon acres—had taken root in the same, and in some instances had flourished exceedingly. Additionally there were scattered about several more or less favorable specimens of "new men" who had in some way or other set their mark upon the times in a remunerative way. Moreover, in several instances the clerical office was filled by scholarly divines—men who had an apt Greek quotation to utter on every subject that was mentioned before them, but who for all that were only one shade less dull than devout.

Notwithstanding all these advantages, it may as well be acknowledged at once that it was a dull neighborhood—a neighborhood that was by no means wax to receive new impressions, however much it might resemble marble in its power of retaining them. It had never cordially approved of Mr. Bathurst's long-continued unbroken absence. It could not cordially approve of his presence now "under the circumstances."

The "circumstances" which were a stumbling-block in Mr. Bathurst's path to instantaneous popularity were Blanche Lyon and Beatrix Talbot, and his open devotion to the pair—devotion that was shown so gladly, frankly, and impartially, that Blanche quickly came to take it as much for granted as she did the sunshine, and Trixy to feel alternately gladdened and saddened by it as she had never been before by any thing.

From the hour of Edgar Talbot's first appearance at Haldon it had been apparent to some of them that all was not well with him. He could not concentrate himself upon the present, casting all business cares behind him, as entirely as was to be expected, considering he had been the mainspring of the move they had made into the country. The holiday for which he had so wearily sighed was evidently little more than an empty period in which he had a freer opportunity for the indulgence of undisturbed anxious thought than was his portion to have in London. Those who thought of him at all in the first days of the Arcadian intoxication which made them find the mere act of living all-sufficient, felt that "a vague unrest, and a nameless longing filled his breast." But even they did not stay to question the cause of it. Beatrix was sorry for him, but was not sufficiently intimate with her eldest brother to tell him that she was so. She was sorry that he alone of the party should be drawn in by some stern secret necessity from the lawn and the river and the wreathing roses of June, to answer letters which had arrived during breakfast and spoiled the same for him. "For all the good Talbot gets out of all this he might as well be listening to the last quotations in the City," Frank Bathurst said one morning, as, together with Lionel and the two girls, he sat on the bank of the lake. They had left Mr. Talbot in the library writing quickly and nervously, and there had been that in his manner of replying to their solicitations that he would "come out and do nothing with them all the morning," which showed that his correspondence was of very genuine interest and importance to him.

"For my part, I believe that Mr. Talbot enjoys it quite as much as we do," Blanche Lyon said, smiling. "The sun and the scent of the roses both manage to get in at the window, so he can enjoy them, and make money, and despise us for wasting time simultaneously."

"And they are three pure and undeniable sources of pleasure; let us all count up our joys, and see if we are in a position to pity him for not being 'one of us,'" Frank Bathurst replied.

"There shall be no reserves; we must set down each item of pleasure fairly. I wonder if we can do it!" Blanche said, with a blush beginning to rise on her face. "You commence, Miss Talbot."

Trixy shook her head. "No! what moral is there in being fair? What is the use of trying to analyze happiness? We can't do it—no one can do it; can we, Lionel?"

"Any how we can try," Frank Bathurst interrupted, before Lionel could reply, and Blanche encouraged him by saying:

"Hear the laughing philosopher! I believe you do know, Frank! I believe that you are the exceptional being who is neither above being happy nor saying what makes him so. You don't vainly sigh after perfect elements that are never attained. We will hear your list first; it will nerve the rest. Now begin. You are happy because—"

"That sounds like the answer to a conundrum, or the commencement of a game, 'I love my love with an "S," because he is stupid and not psychological.' My list of joys do you want? It is a short but all-sufficient one. I am with you in idleness and June!"

"The reasons we have assigned for Mr. Talbot's content are sounder," Blanche Lyon replied, coolly. "Now for yours, Miss Talbot!"

Trixy had grown pale as Mr. Bathurst spoke—pale with the pained consciousness that the man she loved was speaking words of flattery that were still words of truth to the careless winner of all his kindest thoughts. "I am with you in idleness and June," he had said, writing himself down by the utterance as much his own lover as Blanche's. "He was a selfish Sybarite," Trixy told herself as she looked at him lying there on the sward that was warmed by the sun—the sun that followed the fashion of sublunary things, and, as it seemed, touched Frank Bathurst more tenderly than it did aught else. Far more tenderly than it did the girl who was gazing on him with the yearning gaze of genuine affection—it dazzled, bewildered, scorched her; for when the heart is hot and restless externals are potent, then pleasure is a pain. Those words that he had said to Blanche Lyon were soft and sweet, gallant and gentle in themselves, and so only were what a man's utterance ought to be to a woman, but they sounded harshly and horribly in Trixy's ears. "I am with you in idleness and June." His list of the joys that made his life so pleasant a thing at this juncture began and ended in that one sentence. Trixy's heart ached as she took this truth home to it—but she went on loving him just as well as before.

"Now for your list, Miss Talbot," Blanche repeated; and Trixy replied, "I have none to give," impatiently. She was not at all well inclined to make a study of her own sensations, for she more than suspected that when too curiously inspected there would be seen the "little rift" which should by-and-by "make all music mute" in her soul. The request that she would name the causes which conduced to her happiness made her think, and when she came to think she knew that she was not altogether happy. She became conscious of being jealous, fearful, and hopeful at the same time—all about a man who told another woman that it was sufficient joy to him to be "with her in idleness and June." "When sorrow sleepeth wake it not" is a sound piece of good advice. Trixy resolved that she would not more thoroughly arouse the three passions that were tormenting her by investigating them, so she answered, "I have none to give," rather more decidedly than suited the nature of the conversation; and Blanche flushed rather painfully under the consciousness of being thought frivolous by Lionel Talbot's sister.

"Have you none to give either, Lal?" Frank Bathurst asked, getting a half inch further away from Beatrix and nearer to Blanche and a broader sunbeam as he spoke. Miss Talbot's tone had chilled him a little. His ear was very finely attuned, and Trixy's voice seemed steady unto sternness. The poor girl was in such terrible earnest that she could not seize each point and make the most of the cards she held, as a cooler headed and hearted woman might have done. Frank Bathurst liked to hear a sweet voice falter; it told him a tale usually of feeling suppressed with difficulty and called into being by him. But Beatrix, who was faltering inwardly, made an effort out of that partly inherent, partly taught "self-respect" which makes women hide the dart that wounds them the deepest—she made this effort, and her tone seemed stern, "utterly devoid of that soft sympathetic inflection which marked Blanche's," he said to himself, when Miss Lyon backed his appeal to Lionel by saying:

"Will you say you have none to give, Mr. Talbot?" And Lionel's eyes fixed themselves on hers as they had never done before, as he replied:

"Will you say that I am merely plagiarizing Frank's happy thought, when I give as my reasons for happiness the facts that 'I am—and am here?'"

"And they are enough—for the present," Blanche said, quickly. "At any rate they are the very ones I should have given if I had been clever enough to say exactly what I meant and no more; but you would soon want more than 'idleness and June.'"

"You are not quoting me fairly," Frank Bathurst exclaimed. "You say Lionel would soon want more, as if he were very superior in his requirements to me. I also should soon want more than you have mentioned—you have left out the chief ingredient I named."

"Does he not utter false coin neatly?" Blanche asked, turning her head gayly toward Miss Talbot. In a moment the quick, kindly, womanly instinct made her glance away again, for Trixy, though she got out her "Yes, very," gallantly, had the tell-tale look of terrible earnestness upon her, and superadded to that earnestness was the dread that the coin might be real in which the flattery was paid.

"I have another source of joy," Frank Bathurst resumed. "The aborigines have not been down upon us overwhelmingly yet; I am beginning to hope that I have found the spot of earth where civilization is far enough advanced for a man to be credited with the sensible preference for dining in comfort in his own house rather than for going in discomfort to his neighbor's."

"We have only been here one week," Miss Lyon remarked.

"And how we might have suffered in that time—not from dinners, but from the anticipation of them! Women are never properly grateful for being neglected. For my part, 'Time's sands may cease to flow, false pleasures to delude,' ere I forget the claims of gratitude this neighborhood has established on me for letting me alone to enjoy myself in the way I like best."

"I am quite as alive to the negative favor shown as you can be, but I can not forget that we have only been here a week; this is Saturday. I prophesy that after our second appearance in church to-morrow we may as well go back to London for all the peace we shall know."

"Do you mean that the native hordes will pour themselves into our Haldon? Cease to exercise your prophetic gift, sibyl, if you can foreshadow nothing pleasanter concerning our future. 'Trained to the chase, my eagle eye' discerns unmanageable bodies of bores in the distance. You have made me very miserable, Miss Lyon: cast a further spell around me, and soothe me back to bliss again."

Mr. Bathurst gathered himself up from his recumbent position at his cousin's side as he spoke, and went into a half-kneeling posture at her feet; and she, falling into his humor for the moment, said, as she plucked a gorgeous crimson poppy from the bank at her side:

"Yours shall be 'the Childe's destiny.' I will bind this flower (it induces oblivion, you know) on your brow.

"'I'll sign you with a sign:
No woman's love shall light on thee,
No woman's heart be thine.'"

"How can you say such things, even in what you call fun?" Trixy asked, in a low tone.

"I defy such spells," Mr. Bathurst said, as he bent his head lower before the lady who was fixing the poppy in his glengarry. And Lionel Talbot chanted:

"'No mistress of the hidden skill,
No wizard gaunt and grim,
Went up by night to heath or hill,
To read the stars for him.'"

"What are you talking about?" Frank asked, impatiently.

"Showing Miss Lyon that I knew the source from whence she is drawing her spell; or the words of it rather," Lionel replied. "Are you going to promise him the 'brightest smiles that ever beauty wore, and the friendship which is only not love,' Miss Lyon?"

"No," she said, throwing her head back a little, and holding her hand up to command attention still. "No, the last verse fits him best. Be grateful to me, Frank, for

"'I charm thee from the agony
Which others feel or feign,
From anger and from jealousy,
From doubt and from disdain.

"'I bid thee wear the scorn of years
Upon the cheek of youth,
And curl the lip at passion's tears,
And shake the head at truth.

"'While there is bliss in revelry,
Forgetfulness in wine,
Be thou from woman's love as free
As woman is from thine!'"

"Good!" he cried, jumping up, "while there is, and 'only' while there is bliss in those things. Now you shall see me defy my bright fate. I will take weapons from the same armory and tell you that the web of indifference you have woven for me shall be rent;

"'For I have learnt to watch and wake,
And swear by earth and sky,
And I am very bold to take—'

Do you believe me?"

"Yes, thoroughly; but you must alter before you will be able to take any thing worth having. 'The lips are lightly begged or bought; the heart may not be thine,' unless you alter and grow earnest," Blanche replied.

"We shall see. It would be against your own interest, as successful prophetess, to teach me to be earnest, I suppose?"

"I never could be in earnest with you," she said, distinctly; and as she said so a doubt as to the real destiny of the Daphne crossed his mind for the first time. Circumstantial evidence was strongly in favor of Blanche having gathered in the bloom he had wasted; but circumstantial evidence is false frequently, and "women are rum animals," he reflected, as he remembered all Blanche's past sweetness to him, and all her present cool assumption of the possibility of his never really loving or being loved.

He did incline to this brilliant-plumaged bird very kindly indeed. Perhaps his reasons for doing so were not altogether above reproach; but at any rate, as reasons go, they are all-sufficient for the purposes of this story. It was quite upon the cards that he should surrender his own judgment to her, if she would accept the charge, and feel no shame, but rather a conscientious satisfaction in so doing. He felt intuitively, without working out the problem "why it was so," that she was as good as she was fair: not an angel—far removed from any thing of that sort, but a very woman, good and graceful too, and perhaps ever so little disposed to show that she was both things without effort.

"Good," and "graceful," and gifted with the power of putting herself in a good light before all men. Frank Bathurst prided himself much on the perfect tact which led the woman he was admiring (and who was doubtless admiring him) to make herself "charming" to Lionel Talbot as they walked up to the house. It may be that, if he had heard what the pair under consideration were saying, his appreciation of Blanche's tact might have been less perfect that it was.

"You seem to be well acquainted with Praed, Miss Lyon; what characteristic is it that has so won your approval?"

"I think it's his generosity," she answered, quickly; "I never thought about why I liked him until you asked me: his rhymes all fall in in beautiful order, and that pleases my ear, of course; but he's always kindly and generous toward us women, even when he lilts the lay of the jilted. He 'never will upbraid,' and that is so nice, because he had it in him to upbraid so bitterly. Do you know that poem of his, 'The Last?'"

"I know it," he said. They were some way ahead of Frank and Trixy now, and Blanche's beaming face was held toward him eagerly, inspired by the interest she felt in the discussion of the moral merits of Praed's poems. He knew a great deal about the girl in a minute. He fathomed much that she had felt and was feeling. He realized that life is short; and the truth of the aphorism that "the devil takes the hindmost" in most races came home to him. He was thrown off his balance, in fact, and so he spoke too soon, and he said too little.

"Yes, I know 'The Last;' my favorite verse at this moment is the fourth:

"'I think that you will love me still,
Though far our fates may be,
And that your heart will fondly thrill
When strangers ask of me.

"'My praise will be your proudest theme
When these bright days are past;
If this be all an idle dream,
It is my last?'"

There was interrogation—meaning deep and intense in the tone in which he uttered the words. For a few minutes the woman's weakness conquered the woman's will, and Blanche Lyon, desperate in love, was feeble in action and insincere in word.

"If I dared, if I dared," she stuttered; and while he was thinking that she dared not "love him still," and "proudly thrill" to his praise, because of some prior claim on her—while he was thinking still, and she was hesitating only because he did not bid her not to hesitate, the others came up, and the opportunity was gone.

He had spoken too soon. He felt that he had spoken too soon as he looked at the home they were nearing, and knew that it might be Blanche Lyon's if no one intervened between her and Frank. And she felt bitterly that he had said too little, and thought hard things of the social bonds which prevented her inciting him to say a little more, and found Frank Bathurst's animation oppressive, and was altogether indisposed to believe in the silver lining to this temporary cloud.

"'Misfortunes rarely come singly:' listen," she quoted, irrelevantly (forgetting that the others were ignorant of what she deemed a misfortune); then they all followed her example, and paused to listen to the sound of wheels, and presently a ponderous carriage swept round the curve of the drive, and they knew that the flood-gates of society were opened, and that their happy lotus-eating days were over.

"Let us be grateful for that it has been but a brief infliction," Frank said, when the visitor—a lady who had come in kindliness to ask them to an archery meeting—had departed again, feeling very dissatisfied with Mrs. Lyon's fitness for the part of chaperon, and very much staggered at the perfect propriety which marked the demeanor of the daring Miss Lyon, who "had refused her father's request, and her uncle's fortune, and after all had now come down to try and catch Mr. Bathurst, so people said."

"I think her most pleasant," Mrs. Lyon interposed, hastily; "most pleasant and agreeable," she repeated, emphatically. And Frank replied:

"So did I; but you will understand that

'It was frightful here to see
A lady richly clad as she'

when I came in, conscious of grass-seeds in my mustache, and dead leaves on the back of my coat, and an all-pervading sensation of disinclination to speak to uninteresting people. Miss Lyon shared my sentiments. I could see by her face that she was bored—that we were sympathetic again, in fact."

He spoke half laughingly, half tenderly, looking at her the while with a clear, full gaze, that seemed to make sure of being kindly met and answered. He had often looked at her so of late, and Blanche had accepted the frank offering frankly. But to-day another had gone deeper into her soul than Frank, with all his bright-heartedness and easy satisfaction with himself, could ever go. She moved impatiently under his observation; she resented his declaration as to the sympathy between them. "Miss Lyon did nothing of the sort; she was bored about something else," she said, wearily. "Sympathetic! You are far away from knowing the meaning of the word if you think I was that with you just now."

"You are growing quite earnest in your denial. And don't I know the meaning of the word?" He was a vain young fellow, but there was something winning in his vanity, at most times, to most women—something specially winning in it to Blanche. But to-day she lacked patience for it among other things. She had known him for a butterfly all along, she told herself; and she had thought that a butterfly must ever be a pleasing and welcome object about one's path, whatever the weather. Now she found that sunshine was a chief condition: the butterfly was out of place now a cloud had arisen on her horizon. It irritated her that he should seek to put her in the position of understanding him more clearly than the others did, when she did not desire to understand him better. It roused her *esprit de corps* when he repeated, in his merry, vaunting, successful manner, "Don't I know the meaning of the word? More women have been sympathetic with me than I would care to count." Affectionately fond as she was of him, she could not resist replying when he said that—

"Leporello sings the list of names. A genuine Don Juan would scorn to proclaim his own doughty deeds."

"I was not boasting," he exclaimed, quickly. And his fair face colored like a girl's as he spoke.

"Were you not?" Blanche replied, carelessly. "There was a tone about the speech that we may be forgiven for having mistaken for boasting—may we not, Miss Talbot?"

"A tone you have never been hard upon before," Trixy replied. She saw his faults too; but she would have touched them so tenderly herself that it almost pained her to see them roughly torn into the light by another: especially did she dislike seeing them torn into the light by Blanche Lyon. It was hard, woefully hard, to Trixy to see the man she loved laying himself open to the feminine sarcasms of her rival; to see him accepting rebukes, rather than nothing, at Miss Lyon's hands; hard to mark him as so willing to put himself at Miss Lyon's feet; and perhaps harder still to mark that Miss Lyon did not deem it a priceless boon that he should be there. To be rivaled at all is horrible; to be rivaled by one who does not even deign to seem to care to rival is humiliating. So Trixy Talbot said that Blanche "had never been hard upon that tone before;" and Frank's blue eyes sought his cousin's, and seemed to implore her to indorse the statement.

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book V.—Relics of the Dead.

CHAPTER IV.—(*Continued.*)

I CAN find no actual announcements of death: only sad allusions here and there. I fancy the majority of Matthew's letters must have been lost, for the dates of those confided to my hands are very far apart, and there is evidence in all of them of other correspondence. After the letter alluding to little M.'s death there is a hiatus of eight years. Then comes a letter with the postmark London very clear, from which I transcribe an extract.

"*October 4th*, 1759. The toun is very sadd; everry body, high and low, rich and pore, in morning for Gennerel Wolf: wot a nobel deth to die, and how much happier than to live, when one considers the cairs and miseries of this life; and sech has bin the opinion of wiser fokes than y^e humble servent. Being in companie on Thersday sennite with that distingwish'd riter, Dr. Johnson,—whose admir'd story of *Raselass* I sent you new from y^e press, but who I am bound to confesse is less admirable as a fine gentlemann than as an orther, his linning siled and his kravatt twisted ary, and his manners wot in a more obskure personn wou'd be thort ungenteel,—he made a remark wich impress'd me much. Some one present, being almost all gentelmenn of parts and learning except y^r pore untuter'd brother, observed that it was a saying with the ainchents that y^e happiest of men was him wich was never born; y^e next happy him wich died the soonest. On wich Doctor Johnson cried out verry loud and angry, 'That was a Paggann sentyment, sir, and I am asham'd that a Xtian gentelmann shou'd repete it as a subject for admerashun. Betwene these heathen men and y^e followers of Christ their is all y^e differenc betwene a slave and a servent of a kind Master. Eche bears the same burden; butt y^e servent knows he will recieve just wages for his work, wile y^e slave hopes for nothing, and so conkludes that to escape work is to be happy!' I could but aknowlege the wisdomm and pyety of this speche; yett whenn I see y^e peopel going bye in there black rayment, I envy the young Gennerel his gloreous deth, and wish I was laying amongst the slane on the hites of Quebeck. I went to look at y^e old house in J. St., but I wou'd not go in to see Mr. F. or y^e old roomes: for I think I shou'd see the aparisions of those that once liv'd in them. C. thrivs at Higate, wear the aire is fresh and pewer. I go to see her offen. She is nerely as high as you. Give my servis to Mrs. Rebecka, sinse you say it will plese my father to do so, and he is now dispos'd to think more kindly of me. Butt if he thinks I shal everr arske her to be my wife he is mityly mistaken. You know wear my harte lies—in y^e grave with all that made life dere. Thank my father for the Bill, and tell him I pass my time in good companie, and neether drink nor play: and will come to Ullerton to pay him my respeckts when he pleses to bid me. Butt I hav no desire to leeve London, as I am gladd to be neare C."

Who was C., whom Matthew visited at Highgate, and who was nearly as tall as Ruth Judson? Was she not most likely the same C. mentioned in conjunction with the little M. in the earlier letters? and if so, can there be any doubt that she was the daughter of Matthew Haygarth? Of whom but of a daughter would he write as in this letter? She was at Highgate, at school most likely, and he goes to see her. She is nearly as tall as Mrs. Judson. This height must have been a new thing, or he would scarcely impart it as a piece of news to his sister. And then he has no desire to leave London, as he is glad to be near C.

My life upon it, C. is a daughter.

Acting upon this conviction, I have transcribed all passages relating to C., at whatever distance of time they occur.

Thus, in 1763, I find:

> "C. has grone verry hansome, and Mrs. N. tells me is much admir'd by a brother of her frend Tabitha. She never stirs abrorde but with Tabitha, and if a dutchess, cou'd be scarce wated on more cairfully. Mrs. N. loves her verry tenderly, and considers her the sweetest and most wel bredd of young women. I hav given her the new edishun of Sir Charls Grandisson, wich they read alowde in yᵉ evenings, turn and turn about, to Mrs. N. at her spining. C. has given me a wool comforter of her owne worke, and sum stockings wich are two thick to ware, but I hav not told her so."

Again, in 1764:

> "Tabitha Meynell's brother goes more than ever to Higate. He is a clark in his father's wearhouse; very sober and estimabel, and if it be for yᵉ hapiness of C. to mary him, I wou'd be yᵉ laste of men to sett my orthoritty agenst her enclinashun. She is yett but ayteen yeres of age, wich is young to make a change; so I tell Mrs. N. we will waite. Meanwhile yᵉ young peapel see eche other offen."

Again, in 1765:

> "Young Meynell is still constant, expressing much love and admirashun for C. in his discorse with Mrs. N., butt sattisfide to wait my plesure before spekeing oppenly to C. He semes a most exempelry young man; his father a cittizen of some repewt in Aldersgait Street, ware I have din'd since last riting to you, and at hoose tabel I was paid much considerashun. He, Tomas Meynell yᵉ father, will give his son five hundred pound, and I prommis a thousand pound with C. and to furnish a house at Chelsee, a verry plesent and countriefide vilage; so I make no doubt there will soon be a wedding.
>
> "I am sorrie to here my father is aleing: give him my love and servise, and will come to Ullerton immediate on receiving his commands. I am plesed to think Mrs. Rebecka Caulfeld is so dutifull and kind to him, and has comfortedd him with prairs and discorses. I thank her for this more than for any frendshipp for my undeserving self. Pray tell her that I am much at her servise.
>
> "Our new king is lov'd and admir'd by all. His ministers not so; and wise peopel do entertain themselfs with what I think foollish jokes a-bout a *Skotch boote*. Perhapps I am not cleverr enuff to see the funn in this joke."

In this letter I detect a certain softening of feeling toward Mrs. Rebecca Caulfield. In the next year—'66—according to my notes, Matthew's father died, and I have no letters bearing the date of that year, which our Matthew no doubt spent at home. Nor have I any letters from this time until the year of Matthew's marriage with Rebecca Caulfield. In the one year of his union with Mrs. Rebecca, and the last year of his life, there are many letters, a few from London and the rest from the manor-house at Dewsdale. But in these epistles, affectionate and confidential as they are, there is little positive information.

These are the letters of the regenerate and Wesleyanized Matthew; and, like the more elaborate epistles of his wife Rebecca, deal chiefly with matters spiritual. In these letters I can perceive the workings of a weak mind, which in its decline has become a prey to religious terrors; and though I fully recognize the reforming influence which John Wesley exercised upon the people of England, I fancy poor Matthew would have been better in the hands of a woman whose piety was of a less severe type than that of Wesleyan Rebecca. There is an all-pervading tone of fear in these letters: a depression which is almost despair. In the same breath he laments and regrets the lost happiness of his youth, and regrets and laments his own iniquity in having been so ignorantly and unthinkingly happy.

Thus in one letter he says:

> "When I think of that inconsideratt foolish time with M., and how to be nere her semed the highest blisse erth cou'd bistowe or Heven prommis, I trimbel to think of my pore unawaken'd sole, and of her dome on wich the tru light never shown. If I cou'd believe she was happy my owne sorow wou'd be lesse; but I canot, sence all yᵉ worthyest memberrs of our seck agree that to die thinking onely of erthly frends, and clingeng with a passhunate regrett to them we luv on erth is to be lesse than a tru Xtian, and for sech their is but one dome."

And again, in a still later epistle, he writes:

> "On Toosday sennite an awakning discorse fromm a verry young man, until lately a carppenter, but now imploid piusly in going from toun to toun and vilage to vilage, preching. He says that a life of cairlesse happyness, finding plesure in yᵉ things of this worlde, is—not being repentied of—irretrevable damnation. This is a maloncally thort! I fell to mewsing on M., with hoom I injoy'd such compleat happyness, tel Deth came like a spekter to bannish all comforte. And now I knowe that our lives wear vainity. I ashure you, dear sister, I am prodidjusly sadd when I reffleckt upon this truth—ashuredly it is a harde saying."

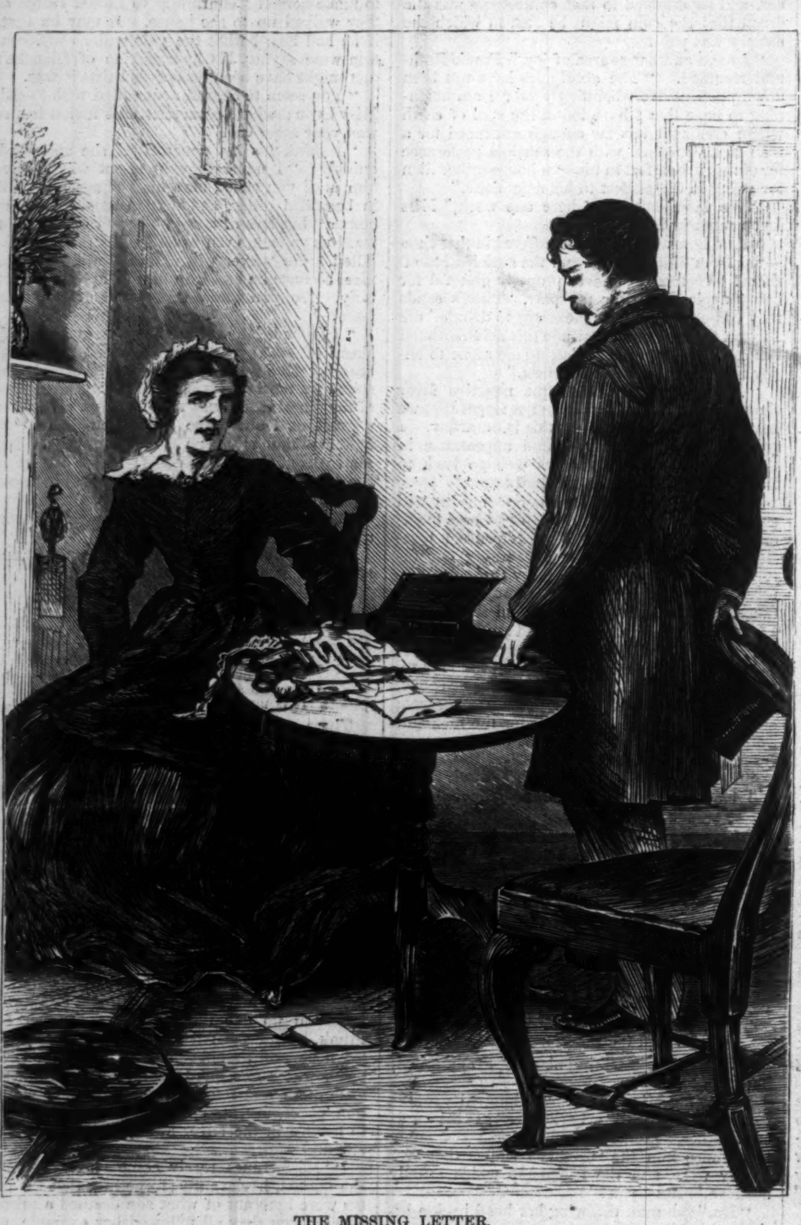
Anon comes that strange foreknowledge of death—that instinctive sense of the shadowy hand so soon to lay him at rest; and with that mystic prescience comes a yearning for the little child M. to be laid where his father may lie down beside him. There are many passages in the latter letters which afford a clew to that mysterious midnight burial at Dewsdale.

> "Last nite I drem't of the cherchyarde at S. I satte under the olde yewe tree, as it semed in my dreme, and hurd a childes voice crying in a very pitious mannerr. The thort of this dreme has oppress'd my sperrits all day, and Rebecka has enquier'd more than wunce wot ales me. If little M. but lay nere at hande, in yᵉ graive to wich I fele I must soone be carrid, I beleive I shou'd be happyer. Reproove me for this folley if you plese. I am getting olde, and Sattan tempts me with seche fooleish thorts. Wot dose it matter to my sole wear my vile bodie is laid? and yet I have a fonde fooleish desier to be berrid with littel M."

And in these latest letters there is ample evidence of that yearning on Matthew's part to reveal a secret which Rebecca's own correspondence betrays.

> "We tawked of manny things, and she was more than ordinnary kind and gentel. I had a mind to tell her about M., and aske her frendship for C.; but she seemed not to cair to here my sekrets, and I think wou'd be offended if she new the trooth. So I cou'd not finde courrage to tell her. Before I die I shal speek planely for the saik of C. and M. and yᵉ littel one. I shal cum to U. erly nex weak to make my Wille, and this time shal chainge my umour no more. I have burnt yᵉ laste, not likeing it."

This passage occurs in the last letter, among the packet confided to me. The letter is dated September 5, 1774. On the fourteenth of the following month Matthew died, and in all probability the will here alluded to was never executed. Certain it is that Matthew, whose end was awfully sudden at the last, died intestate, whereby his son John inherited the bulk, and ultimately the whole, of his fortune. There are many allusions to this infant son in the last few letters; but I do not think the little creature obtained any great hold on the father's heart. No doubt he was bound and swaddled out of even such small semblance to humanity as one may reasonably expect in a child of six or seven weeks old, and by no means an agreeable being.



THE MISSING LETTER.

And poor weak-minded Matthew's heart was with that player-girl wife whom he never acknowledged, and the little M.

And thus ends the story of Matthew Haygarth, so far as I have been able to trace it in the unfathomable gloom of the past.

It seems to me that what I have next to do will be to hunt up information respecting that young man Meynell, whose father lived in Aldersgate Street, and was a respectable and solid citizen of that ilk; able to give a substantial dinner to the father of his son's sweet-heart, and altogether a person considerable enough, I should imagine, to have left footprints of some kind or other on the sands of Time. The inscrutable Sheldon will be able to decide in what manner the hunt of the Meynells must begin. I doubt if there is any thing more to be done in Ullerton.

I have sent Sheldon a fair copy of my extracts from Matthew's correspondence, and have returned the letters to Miss Judson, carefully packed, in accordance with her request. I now await my Sheldon's next communication and the abatement of my influenza before making my next move in the great game of chess called Life.

What is the meaning of Horatio Paget's lengthened abode in this town? He is still here. He went past this house to-day while I was standing at my window in that abject state of mind known only to influenza and despair. I think I was suffering from a touch of both diseases, by-the-by. What is that man doing here? The idea of his presence fills me with all manner of vague apprehensions. I can not rid myself of the absurd notion that the lavender-glove I saw lying in Goodge's parlor had been left there by the Captain. I know the idea *is* an absurd one, and I tell myself again and again that Paget *can not* have any inkling of my business here, and therefore *can not* attempt to forestall me or steal my hard-won information. But often as I reiterate this—in that silent argument which a man is always elaborating in his own mind—I am still tormented by a nervous apprehension of treachery from that man. I suppose the boundary-line between influenza and idiocy is a very narrow one. And then Horatio Paget is such a thorough-paced scoundrel. He is *lié* with Philip Sheldon too—another thorough-paced scoundrel in a quiet gentlemanly way, unless my instinct deceives me.

October 12. There is treachery somewhere. Again the Haygarthian epistles have been tampered with. Early this morning comes an indignant note from Miss Judson, reminding me that I promised the packet of letters should be restored to her yesterday at noon, and informing me that they were not returned until last night at eleven o'clock, when they were left at her back garden gate by a dirty boy, who rang the bell as loudly as if he had been giving the alarm of fire, and who thrust the packet rudely into the hand of the servant and vanished immediately. So much for the messenger. The packet itself, Miss Judson informed me, was of a dirty and disgraceful appearance, unworthy the hands of a gentlewoman, and one of the letters was missing.

Heedless of my influenza I rushed at once to the lower regions of the inn, saw the waiter into whose hands I had confided my packet at half past ten o'clock yesterday morning, and asked what messenger had been charged with it. The waiter could not tell me. He did not remember. I told him plainly that I considered this want of memory very extraordinary. The waiter laughed me to scorn, with that quiet insolence which a well-fed waiter feels for a customer who pays twenty shillings a week for his board and lodging. The packet had been given to a very respectable messenger, the waiter made no doubt. As to whether it was the hostler, or one of the boys, or the Boots, or a young woman in the kitchen who went on errands sometimes, the waiter wouldn't take upon himself to swear, being a man who would perish rather than inadvertently perjure himself. As to my packet having been tampered with, that was ridiculous. What on earth was there in a lump of letter-paper for any one to steal? Was there money in the parcel? I was fain to confess there was no money; on which the waiter laughed aloud.

Failing the waiter, I applied myself severally to the hostler, the boys, the Boots, and the young woman in the kitchen; and then transpired the curious fact that no one had carried my packet. The hostler was sure he had not; the Boots could take his Bible oath to the same effect; the young woman in the kitchen could not call to mind any thing respecting a packet, though she was able to give me a painfully circumstantial account of the events of the morning—where she went and what she did, down to the purchase of threepennyworth of pearl-ash and a pound of Glenfield starch for the head chamber-maid, on which she dwelt with a persistent fondness.

I now felt assured that there had been treachery here as in the Goodge business; and I asked myself to whom could I impute that treachery?

My instinctive suspicion was of Horatio Paget. And yet was it not more probable that Theodore Judson senior and Theodore Judson junior were involved in this business, and were watching and counter-checking my actions with a view to frustrating the plans of my principal? This was one question which I asked myself as I deliberated upon this mysterious business. Had the Theodore Judsons some knowledge of a secret marriage on the part of Matthew Haygarth? and did they suspect the existence of an heir in the descendant of the issue of that marriage? These were further questions which I asked myself, and which I found it much more easy to ask than to answer.

After having considered these questions I went to the Lancaster Road, saw Miss Judson—assured her, on my word as a gentleman, that the packet had been delivered by my hands into those of the waiter at eleven o'clock on the previous day, and asked to see the envelope. There it was—my large blue wire-wove office-envelope, addressed in my own writing. But in these days of adhesive envelopes there is nothing easier than to tamper with the fastening of a letter. I registered a mental vow never again to trust any important document to the protection of a morsel of gummed paper. I counted the letters, convinced myself that there was a deficiency, and then set to work to discover which of the letters had been abstracted. Here I failed utterly. For my own convenience in copying my extracts, I had numbered the letters from which I intended to transcribe passages before beginning my work. My penciled figures in consecutive order were visible in the corner of the superscription of every document I had used. Those numbered covers I now found intact, and I could thus assure myself that the missing document was one from which I had taken no extract.

This inspired me with a new alarm. Could it be possible that I had overlooked some scrap of information more important than all that I had transcribed?

I racked my brains in the endeavor to recall the contents of that one missing letter; but although I sat in that social tomb, Miss Judson's best parlor, until I felt my blood becoming of an arctic quality, I could remember nothing that seemed worth remembering in the letters I had laid aside as valueless.

I asked Miss Judson if she had any suspicion of the person who had tampered with the packet. She looked at me with an icy smile, and answered in ironical accents, which were even more chilling than the atmosphere of her parlor:

"Do not ask if *I* know who has tampered with those letters, Mr. Hawkehurst. Your affectation of surprise has been remarkably well put on; but I am not to be deceived a second time. When you came to me in the first instance I had my suspicions; but you came furnished with a note from my brother, and as a Christian I repressed those suspicions. I know now that I have been the dupe of an impostor, and that in intrusting those letters to you I intrusted them to an emissary and tool of Theodore Judson."

I protested that I had never to my knowledge set eyes upon either of the Theodore Judsons; but the prejudiced kinswoman of those gentlemen shook her head with a smile whose icy blandness was eminently exasperating.

"I am not to be deceived a second time," she said. "Who else but Theodore Judson should have employed you? Who else but Theodore Judson is interested in the Haygarth fortune? Oh, it was like him to employ a stranger where he knew his own efforts would be unavailing; it was like him to hoodwink me by the agency of a hireling tool."

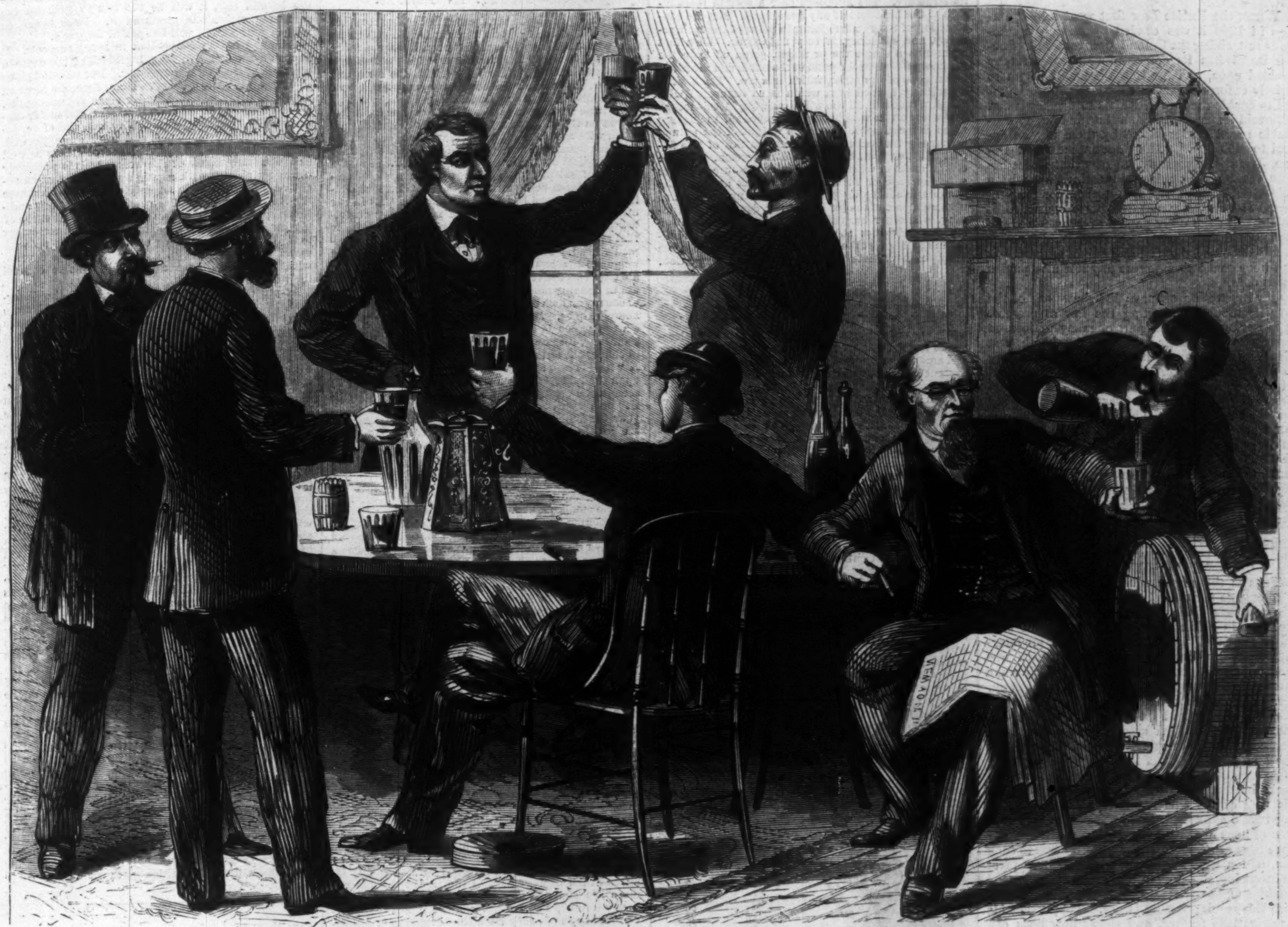
I had been addressed as a "young man" by the reverend Jonah, and now I was spoken of as a "hireling tool" by Miss Judson. I scarcely knew which was most disagreeable, and I began to think that board and lodging in the present, and a visionary three thousand pounds in the future, would scarcely compensate me for such an amount of ignominy.

I went back to my inn utterly crest-fallen—a creature so abject that even the degrading influence of influenza could scarcely sink me any lower in the social scale. I wrote a brief and succinct account of my proceedings, and dispatched the same to George Sheldon, and then I sat down in my sickness and despair, as deeply humiliated as Ajax when he found that he had been pitching into sheep instead of Greeks, as miserable as Job among his dust and ashes, but I am happy to say untormented by the chorus of one or the friends of the other. In that respect at least I had some advantage over both.

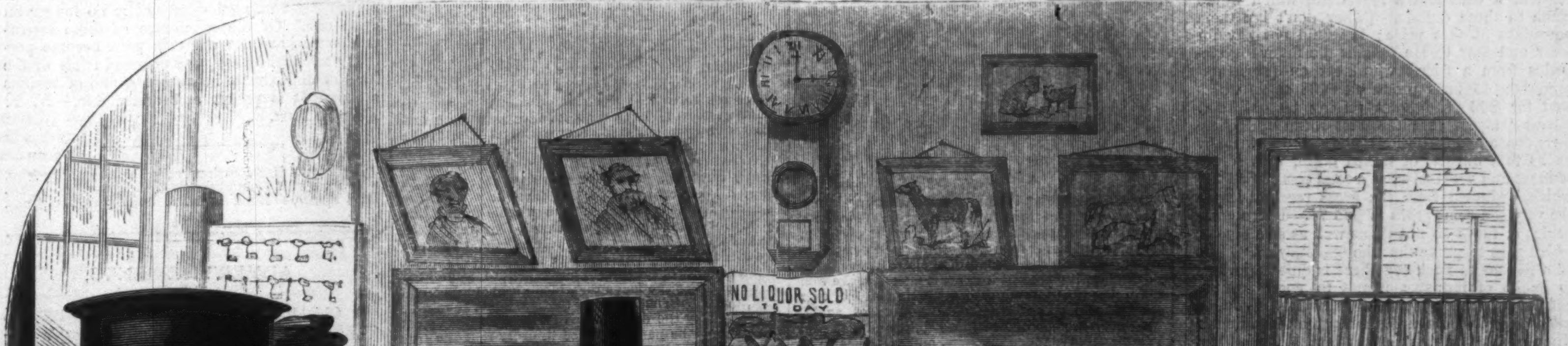
October 13. This morning's post brought me a brief scrawl from Sheldon.

"Come back to town directly. I have found the registry of Matthew Haygarth's marriage."

And so I turned my back on Ullerton; with what rejoicing of spirit it is not in language to express.



HOW THE EXCISE LAW IS EVADED—DISPENSING LIQUOR IN PUBLIC-HOUSE PARLORS ON SUNDAY.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 334.]


NO LIQUOR SOLD
TO DAY

INDIGNATION MEETING IN A NEW YORK BAR-ROOM ON SUNDAY.—Sketched by W. H. Davenport.—[See Page 334.]

EVADING THE EXCISE LAW.

WHEN the Excise Law first went into operation in 1866 it was evaded by serving injunctions restraining the Commissioners from enforcing it. When its constitutionality was finally decided upon, and the Commissioners began to strictly enforce it, various devices were originated to enable the liquor-dealers to disobey it and yet avoid its penalties. The last and most formidable resort contemplated by them is "an appeal to mob law." The Superintendent of Police, **JOHN P. KENNEDY**, reports that a riot has been regularly organized: meetings have been held, associations formed, and plans for the projected riot carefully matured. He caused to be published in the daily papers of May 9 a statement of the facts in his possession, and a notice to all concerned that full and ample preparations had been made to suppress any riot and punish the rioters.

Our illustration on page 333 shows one of the favorite modes of evading the law at present. It is customary on the part of many unlicensed dealers to close their bars on the Sabbath, and dispense their liquors in their parlors, but only to well-known customers and friends, acquainted with "the private entrance." Large parties thus gather in these apartments and spend the day in drinking. The other picture on the same page shows how the liquor men influence public opinion. They occasionally lock up their *bar*, but not their bar-room, and the thirsty customers who gather hold an "indignation meeting," at which they vent their spite against the Commissioners and Police in curses both loud and deep.

THE POULTRY QUESTION.

THIS is the season when the farm and barnyard engage the special attention of all who happen to possess farms and barn-yards. Being included in this category, we have found ourselves much edified by the perusal of an interesting paper upon Poultry Culture, which was read before the American Institute Club some three years ago by a Mr. **HENRY CARPENTER**. Mr. C. seems thoroughly conversant with the subject. One would infer that his lifetime had been devoted to fowl subjects. He states, for instance, that the people of the United States eat one hundred millions of fowls every year, valued at $20,000,000 in gold. [A fearful wringing of necks indeed, though it seems to have given out the ring of the true metal.] Of the immense egg-regate annually raised he says that fifty millions of hens are preserved for layers; these produce eggs at an average value of 75 cents to each hen, and a grand total of $37,500,000. [Not an inconsiderable item in the cackle-ation.] One would suppose that Mr. C. would be satisfied with this result; but he is not. He pursues his investigations farther, and shows how hens can be made to do far better than this. They ought to lay, he maintains, at least two hundred eggs a year, at a cent and a half each, which would come to three dollars. [They don't lay them nowadays at that price; it would not pay for wear and tear.] He obtains the following statistics from a friend who kept an [eggs-act] account: 45 hens produced 6036 eggs, which sold for $96 44, besides raising 80 chickens. [Good "layers" are the best raisin's.] These hens consumed 56 bushels [not stated how many pecks to a bushel] of mixed grain, with scraps of meat and vegetables, at a total cost of $54 30, which, deducted from the gross receipts, leaves the very hen-some profit of $35 74. Large companies of fowls do not do as well as small ones; which goes to prove that the tendency of "birds of a feather to flock together" is quite injurious to habits of industry, if not to good morals. Fifty is about the right number, and will produce more eggs, it is claimed, than twice that number when allowed to remain together. A good hen will produce six times her weight in eggs in one year. What is most singular, however, is, that she lays fewer eggs the second year; and by the close of the third her last lay is ended. Therefore the argument is, that hens should not be kept more than one year for profit. Mr. **CARPENTER** seems to understand the subject thoroughly, and ought to be able to make a capital hennery—for **HENRY**.

LOCUSTS.

MANY examples of the rapidity with which locusts commit their ravages are given by George Hartwig in his interesting work—"God in Nature," from which we select the following: An Englishman, who had settled at Conohos in South America, possessed a large plantation; and as he had heard that a swarm of these insects had been seen hovering about the vicinity, he concentrated his tobacco-plants, forty thousand heads in all, near his house, in order the better to protect them, and had the satisfaction of seeing them flourish until they had reached the height of twelve inches. But, one day at noon, the cry was heard: "The locusts!" and hastily running from the house, he saw them coming like a thick black cloud. The swarm condensed itself directly over the tobacco field, descended suddenly, and covered it as completely as if a brown sheet had been thrown over it. In less than half a minute they rose as rapidly as they had fallen, and continued their flight, leaving no vestige of the forty thousand plants. The ground was as bare as if it had been swept with a broom.

A HORSE'S FOOT.

WHEN the limbs of a horse are examined with anatomical scrutiny, the philosopher, like the physiologist, is really constrained to acknowledge the positive evidence of an adaptation of means to ends. For example, take the fore-foot; and that is enough for a long dissertation on the wise provisions exhibited in its structure. The hind-legs bear a certain relationship to the hind-feet of any quadruped. But the construction of the gambrel joint, in point of strength, security, and efficiency, is very marvelous. Each foot represents a single toe or finger, given off from the metacarpel bone in the palm of the hand, and the metatarsal bone of the other, which is a toe. The hoof is a curiously formed box, which is so connected with the skin that it is all the while growing just as fast as it is worn off in wild horses, or shaved off in shoeing when domesticated. Thus the weight of the animal is actually transmitted to the extremities of two fingers and two toes, as shown on dissection. But the elastic cushion which receives the pressure, together with the manner in which nature has attached the shoulder-blade so as to have it slide up or down to take off a part of the jar in trotting, cantering, or running, is another beautiful mechanical adjustment of muscles and bones so admirable as to compel an infidel to confess that the adjustment of means to specific purposes shows nature to have the attributes of a God.

THE LIFE OF A BUTTERFLY.

WHAT pretty things are butterflies, and how pleasant to see them flitting about in the bright sunshine, and among the flowers! What a variety of colors they present! One is white; another white and black; a third brown and red; a fourth blue; a fifth copper-colored: in short, they present such an endless variety of colors, and so harmoniously blended, that it would be a difficult task to find words to describe some of them. If their exceeding loveliness were all, butterflies would still be deserving of our admiring notice; but besides this, the history of every butterfly is replete with wonder and instruction.

Let us trace the development of a butterfly from the egg to the perfect fly.

The first stage in the history is the egg, for all butterflies are hatched from eggs, which are laid by these beautiful insects upon the plants best suited for the food of the caterpillar, in which form its career of active life begins.

When the egg is hatched a caterpillar comes out. It is soft, wingless, and in shape like a worm (Fig. 1). In this state it eats greedily, and during this period of its life often does much serious mischief. Gardeners, and all who have gardens, know by experience what destruction the butterfly-grub makes among vegetables; and for the last four or five years the caterpillars of the gooseberry-moth have been so numerous in some localities, that every gooseberry-tree in the district has been stripped of its leaves. During this stage of their existence the caterpillars frequently change their skins, and they grow with amazing rapidity. The quantity of food they destroy may be judged of from the fact, that the maggot of the blow-fly, perhaps better known as the blue-bottle and flesh-fly, at the end of twenty-four hours after its birth has increased in weight 155 times; and the full-grown caterpillar of the goat-moth is 72,000 times heavier than when it issued from the egg.

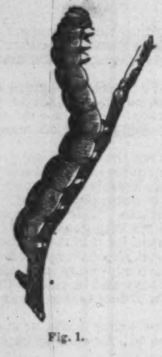


Fig. 1.

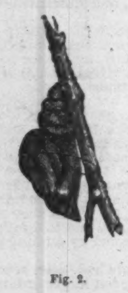


Fig. 2.

When a caterpillar is full-grown it changes into a *pupa*, so called because it is thought to resemble a young child wrapped in swaddling clothes (Fig. 2). If any one had never seen a caterpillar and a pupa before, and had no knowledge of their relationship to one another, it would be a difficult task to make him believe that the motionless form before him had ever been an agile and voracious caterpillar; or, again, would ever become one of those light and beautiful butterflies that gladden our eyes, and add a charm to our country rambles. When the caterpillar is about to pass into the pupa stage it seeks a fitting place for the transformation, then casts its skin, and gradually loses all appearance of the caterpillar. Some, as those of the swallow-tailed butterfly, are suspended by the middle to a branch, the tail-end also being fastened to it; the pupa of the Brimstone Butterfly, the Black-veined White, and the Orange Tip, are also suspended in like manner; others are suspended by the tail alone, and others are buried in the earth. The time that the insect continues in this stage of its existence differs very much—in the summer months it may be two or three weeks; in the winter it may extend to six months.

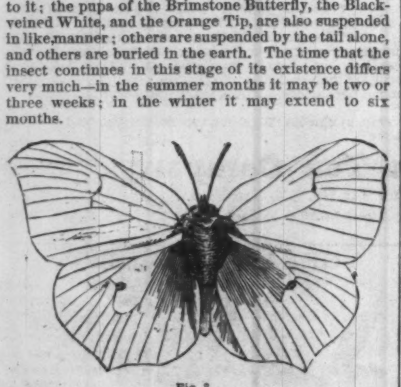


Fig. 3.

From the pupa comes the imago, or full-grown butterfly (Fig. 3), which eats little, and only of honey, drawn from the nectary of flowers; and which lives but a short time, at the longest only a few days, during which happy period it sports from flower to flower, lays its eggs upon the plants best suited for the support of its progeny, and then dies.

The different stages in the development of a butterfly are: 1st, the Egg; 2d, the Caterpillar; 3d, the Pupa; and 4th, the Imago, or perfect insect. In each stage the insect differs so greatly from the preceding, as to have arrested the attention of men in early ages; and the resemblance of a pupa to a corpse wrapped up for burial, motionless, and to all appearance dead, from which it suddenly awakens a beautiful winged insect, caused it to be recognized by the ancient Greeks, and also by the early Christians, as an emblem of the resurrection of man after death.

GOOD TASTE IN DRESS.

TASTE, especially in the dress of ladies, is accessible to the influence of certain fixed principles which no one who desires to present a becoming appearance can afford to neglect; it is shown in such a conformity to the laws of nature as will suit the form and features, the station, the occupation, and the age of each individual. It is astonishing how constantly good taste is violated in the details of dress. A few words on the subject may not be amiss. There is nothing with which fashion has played wilder vagaries than the bonnet or hat; it would be hopeless to trace its whimsical course in the past. No one can visit a gallery of old portraits, or turn over a book of costumes, without being struck with the monstrous oddities which women have set upon their heads. In our own time, within the memory of many who now follow the fashions, they have changed enough to show that there seems no fixed rule for a covering to a woman's head. The bewildered imagination has found language inadequate to express the impressions created by successive phases of head-gear. Adjectives fail in defining most bonnet-fabrics, and we have tried to convey an idea by calling them coal-scuttles, spoons, and pork-pies. Men have stuck to "chimney-pots;" a word which is doubly significant when applied to their hats, inasmuch as they not only resemble them in shape, but form the topmost items of the structure. A "tile" is also an appropriate nickname, as it is set upon the roof; but what fitness of association can be seen in the crowning of a woman with a "coal-scuttle" or a "pie?" Depend upon it, ladies, that when your head-dresses get such incongruous names you are not true to the principles of good taste; you don't do justice to your faces when you play such tricks with them. "Coal-scuttles" have long been discarded, though they will "come in" again some day; and "spoons" have but very lately been laid aside. What the nickname of the present bonnet is I do not know; it is too small, perhaps, to carry a name at all; it is not a bonnet, but the germ of one; it does nothing to fulfill any conditions of a covering to the head. Indeed you have to look twice to know whether a lady has a bonnet on or not. If it were not for the ribbons and ornaments attached to it, you would not know that it was there. A lady of fashion, full dressed, looks as if she had forgotten to finish her toilet, and come out, carelessly, without any thing on her head. While she wears an abundance of superfluous fabric which exaggerates the other proportions of her figure, she makes this exaggeration more conspicuous by reducing her head to a minimum. She is like a capital A with the dot of a little *i*, or a large church bell with a cannon ball on the top of it; and this is good taste!

Caprice is shown in regard to hair as much as in head-dresses. The departure of the powder and pomatum age is no doubt a sign of sensible progress in this matter; but what can be the charm of those great blobs which are worn at the back of the neck? Why do ladies wish to appear double-headed? These excrescences represent no possible form of nature, except it may be some hideous swelling analogous to the Swiss goitre, only behind instead of before. Why not let the hair follow either its own natural way, or at least some way which hair is known to follow in some living creature in the animal kingdom? There is the less excuse for these great lumps at the back of the head, inasmuch as there is a good deal of liberty allowed in the arrangement of the rest of it. Indeed, there are signs of "crops," as they are somewhat curtly termed, becoming common, if not fashionable. At any rate, they have the advantage of following one natural disposition of the hair, and suit many faces remarkably well. But there never was a head yet which looked the better for a lump as big as a cocoa-nut attached to it.

A word about dyeing hair. If old people knew how much older it made them look, when black or brown tresses accompany a withered face, they would accept the natural silver as the best preservative of their good looks. Why will they adopt a process which above all others intensifies the change which years have made in them? They have no idea how fresh and pleasant they might look if they would let Nature have her own tasteful and appropriate way.

No one can be graceful in movement who is permanently throttled. The neck was surely meant to be free; if stiffened by wraps that flexibility of gesture is lost which is essential to an agreeable form. One word of warning about the shoulders. No dress which makes them high or square is tolerable, and yet they are evidently intended by nature to support the dress. It is a defiance of the laws of mechanics, to say nothing of taste, to see the ledge on which a structure should rest, unused. The shape of the shoulders should be preserved by the dress which rests upon them; but they should be partly covered in order that the true principle of good taste may be observed. Curiously enough Nature avenges herself for the neglect of this her obvious support of the dress, by inducing children, whose shoulders are bare, to hitch themselves about until often one shoulder becomes higher than the other, or both are permanently shrugged up. Half the upper malformations which sometimes detract from a woman's grace are caused by the natural unconscious protest which they made, when children, against the slipping off of the frocks from the ledge intended to support them.

Good taste is continually outraged by sleeves. Where any are worn, they should, more or less, fit. Could any thing have been conceived more monstrous than the shoulder-of-mutton structures which women once wore on their arms, and which, when covered with a cloak, make the wearer assume the figure of a bee-hive? There have been some indications lately of lumps and swellings on the upper part of the sleeve, which, it is to be hoped, will subside. A deep and sweeping cuff should be avoided, not only for the trick it has of scooping up gravy and upsetting teacups, but for its defiance of that natural law which decrees that a limb shall taper toward its extremity.

Happily, though the poor feet are often pinched up, Nature asserts her own way with the hands; and fashion gives the same order as good taste—*i.e.*, if not engaged in rough work, keep them delicate and soft; and that is done by nothing better than by a soft leather glove. Thin kid is obviously the best material to clothe them with, inasmuch as it most resembles the natural skin.

The waist is notoriously under the influence of fashion. Nature is not to be trusted. We laugh at Chinese ladies for pinching up their feet; but this is nothing to the pinching up of the waist. A thin waist is a deformity, except in a thin person, for it destroys the proportion of the figure. If ladies desire well-proportioned waists let them take plenty of exercise, and then the rest of the figure will be naturally developed, and the waist as small as it is ever intended to be. Singing, especially, which works the muscles of the chest, tends to make the waist well-proportioned. And all healthy use of the arms and shoulders has this effect. If you will exceed Chinese ladies in folly, and squeeze up that part of the frame which incloses the heart and lungs, remember that one not unfrequent result of tight lacing is to give a *red nose;* and when once this red nose has made its appearance you can not get rid of it: Nature decrees this punishment for life. When you look some day into the glass and see the hateful tint, it will be too late to give up the squeezing which has produced it. Your noses, as well as your waists, will be spoiled for good.

Crinoline is very convenient in many respects. It keeps off the flapping, dragging effect of the dress in walking, at least on level ground. But no one thinks of wearing it on horseback. Here, then, we have an article of dress which is, under some circumstances, a great assistant to natural movement, and under others wholly dispensed with. Why not, therefore, accept this liberty of disuse, and wear crinoline with some respect to the inconvenience of others as well as to the convenience of the wearer? It is positively uncomfortable to walk arm in arm with a woman encircled by steel; and in assemblies of any kind, where the room is limited, hoops cease to impart any additional grace to their wearers. Moreover, let those of my fair readers whose pin-money is limited remember that the graceful outlines of a dress built up with metal are impossible, unless the hoops are covered with such an abundance of material as to conceal their transverse ribs.

At present the feet are threatened with the distortion which must accompany very high heels. Nature never intended us to walk on tip-toe. Let alone the risk of being tripped up, the joints of the toes are in danger of swelling into bunions and other tasteless excrescences if they have double work put upon them. The walk is the most graceful form of motion when it is possible. But I defy any one to call the gait of a very high-heeled woman a walk at all, in the natural sense of the word. Her whole body is thrown off its balance, and she goes along with that ticklish gesture which is associated with stilts or wooden legs. Moreover, when the body is thus artificially elevated the proportion of the figure is destroyed.

A few words on color. A good natural figure, and taste in the shape of dress, may be wholly spoiled by inappropriate or ill-harmonized colors. Remember that white increases the apparent size of the wearer, while black diminishes it; stripes add to height, while cross-bars lessen it. Large checks are invariably in bad taste, unless a person's figure is so bad that it is sought to be concealed. Never wear a dress of many colors; and when you have more than one take care that they are what is called complementary. Thus green and red are complementary. They harmonize well; so do yellow and purple, orange and blue. Blue and green are utterly inadmissible together by any principles of good taste, though Fashion sometimes advocates their union. Thus, too, these strong colors ought to be chosen with respect to the color of the complexion. Green gives a rosiness to the face of the wearer, while red tones down the redness of the skin. Blue assists the beauty of a blonde, yellow that of a brunette. White vivifies a bright complexion, black subdues it.

Ladies would exercise good taste by using ornament sparingly, and, when possible, let it fasten or support something. In any case it loses its power to increase charms when excessive. Much artificial decoration makes a man think that the wearer is conscious of wanting natural beauty, or that she is trying to set off some superficial charms with unbecoming eagerness. And so it is; obtrusive ornament generally marks an absence of the best graces; and a woman who seeks to draw attention by her trinkets is too often without that which gives the true charm to her sex.

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6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-Office Money Orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Our Black and Green Mixed Teas will give universal satisfaction and suit all tastes, being composed of the best Foo-Chow Blacks and Moyune Greens, English Breakfast is not recommended, excepting to those who have acquired a taste for that kind of Tea, although it is the finest imported.

Consumers can save from 50 cents to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. **31** and **33** Vesey St., (Post-Office Box 5643), New York City.
COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c, best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers and Families, who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Our Coffee Department is very extensive—the largest perhaps in the country. We run three engines constantly, and sometimes four or five, in roasting and grinding our Coffee. Our Coffee buyers are experts, who examine most of the Coffees imported, and select the best and finest flavors for our trade. We employ the most experienced and skillful roasters, who exercise the greatest care that it shall be cooked in a perfect manner. It is always fresh, for our orders crowd our facilities to their utmost capacity.

A considerable portion of the Coffee put upon the market of late years is picked while the pods are green, and subjected to artificial heat to open the pods. This is not so good as that which ripens in the natural way upon the plant. Our Coffee buyer thoroughly understands this business, and can readily distinguish the naturally ripened from the artificially cured; and he only buys the Coffee which is naturally ripened. We examine the cargoes as they arrive, and our trade is so large that it takes all the best lots. This is what gives our Coffee a superior flavor to many others, and the same flavor it used to have in days long gone by. It is a common saying that most Coffee does not taste as well as it formerly did. The reason for it is that a considerable proportion of it is picked before it is fully ripe. We sell none but the fully ripe, rich-flavored Coffee.

Country Clubs, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Complimentary Letters from Clubs.

BOXLEY, INDIANA, *April* 1. 1867.

Proprietors of the Great American Tea Co., Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York:

SIRS,—Your box of Tea came through in excellent condition. The club were all much pleased with the Tea. We saved $1 30 per pound by getting our Tea of you. We have therefore made a second order, and very likely a third will be sent by summer. Please send a number of blank orders, as others would like to form clubs. Accept my thanks for the complimentary package. GEORGE TATES.

LE ROY, *April* 29, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York:

GENTS,—I now send you my 8th order for Teas, which I hope will be as good as heretofore. It is just six months since I sent my first order; in that time I have sent you over $600. The Teas have given good satisfaction. Accept my thanks for the complimentary package. Yours truly, JOHN N. BENEDICT.

IONIA, MICHIGAN, *April* 16, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York:

SIRS,—Owing to my advanced age (nearly seventy-six) and to increasing infirmities, I have concluded to relinquish the business of getting up any more Clubs for your Teas and Coffees. I have requested my neighbor, Curtis Merrifield, to act in my place, who will take hold of it cheerfully. Mr. Merrifield is one of our best citizens, whose integrity and responsibility may be relied on. There seems to be an increasing desire to obtain your Teas, and I think he possesses such energy and perseverance as will warrant success. My dealings with you, during one entire year, for Teas and Coffees, has been highly gratifying, exhibiting accuracy, promptness, and liberality, for which you will please accept my thanks. May prosperity accompany your laudable efforts in reducing the prices of Teas to the vast army of consumers. Yours truly, ERASTUS YEOMANS.

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,
31 and 33 VESEY STREET. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street—*large double store.*

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In CHINA and the EAST INDIES it is working its way with rapid strides, and is extensively used in the hospitals.

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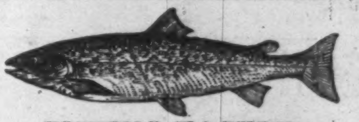

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